WORLD SOCCER

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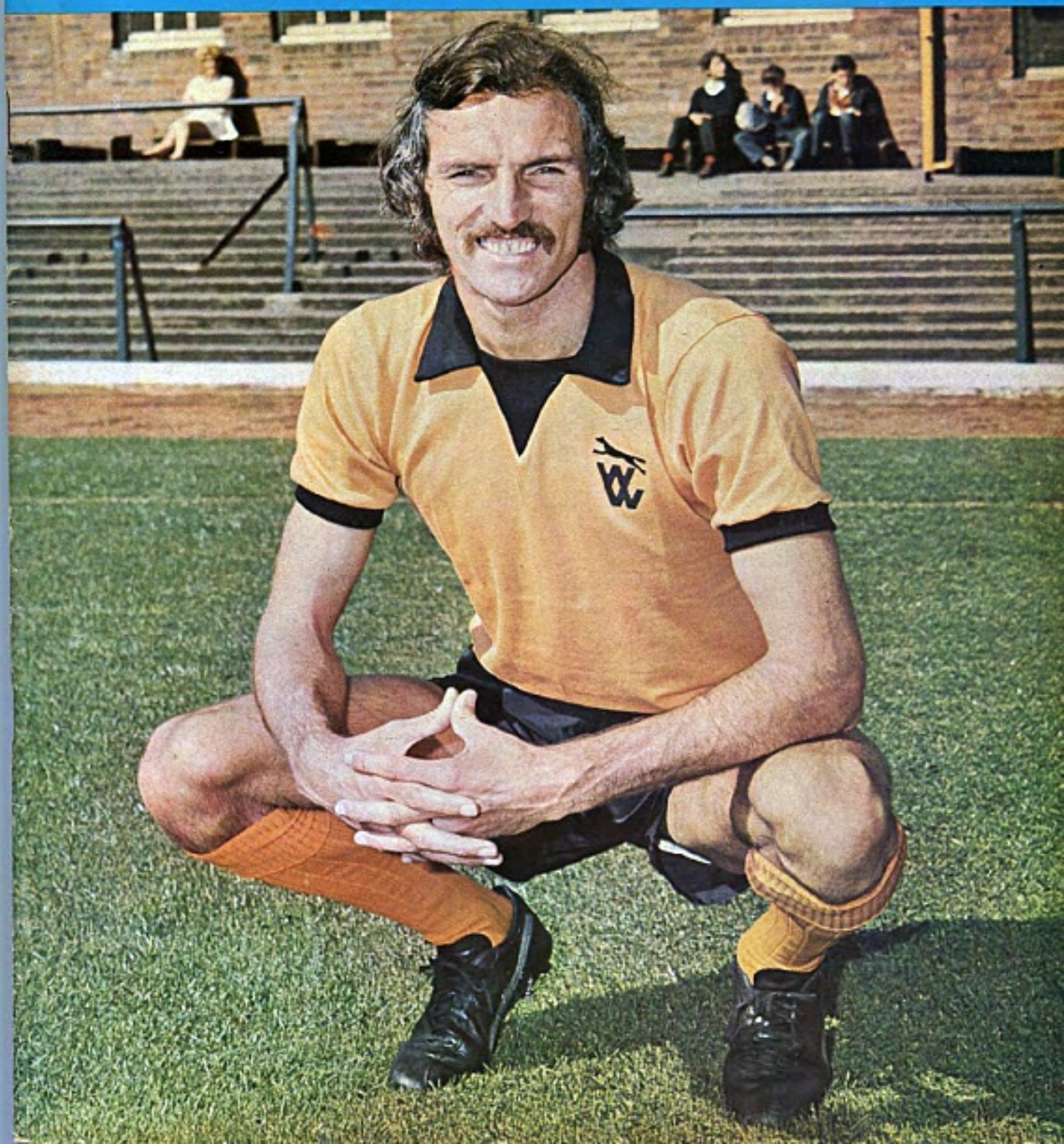
AUGUST 1972



BILLY McNEIL Scotland (left) and RODNEY MARSH England

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incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

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Carry on referees

ON the dawn of a new football season in England, the Football League referees have announced that they intend to continue their campaign to stamp out violence and foul play in matches under their control. There is no doubt that the "new-code" introduced at the beginning of last season lost a good deal of its impetus as the programme wore on.

There can be no excuse this year, from the players and the clubs, that they were left in the dark about what was going on. And no silly talk about physical contact being taken away from English football to such an extent that the game would lose its traditional appeal.

Footballers in general welcome the hard-line adopted by referees. Forwards in particular benefited and matches undoubtedly became more entertaining. The referees must carry out their warning throughout the forthcoming season and they will earn the gratitude of all connected with the game.

It has become all too obvious in recent months that football in England at its highest level (the first division) is not producing sufficient quality players. If a higher emphasis is put on skill then we can look forward to a radical improvement in this direction.

The forthcoming FIFA Congress, to be held in Paris this month, could prove one of the most significant in the history of the association. A move proposed by Uruguay, and backed by many South American and African countries, to bring about the amalgamation of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland into one association will be fiercely opposed not only by the four Home countries but by Europe as a whole.

It is time FIFA seriously looked at their own constitution. The current system of one country—one vote is not necessarily a good one. With 140 member associations it is, perhaps, time to consider giving certain senior countries a larger slice of the voting power in the FIFA assembly.

FRONT COVER

The subject of this month's front cover is the Northern Ireland and Wolverhampton Wanderers centre-forward Derek Dougan. He is also Chairman of the Professional Footballers' Association and a compere of his own sports programme on local radio.

Inter-Milan turn down record bid...

Jose Altafini, white shirt, pictured playing for Napoli. Along with goalkeeper Dino Zoff, he has joined Italian champions Juventus.

A month of fevered bargaining between Italy's clubs ended at midnight on July 15 after moments of high-drama which saw Inter-Milan turn down a world record 800 million lire (£533,000) offer for their 29-year-old captain Sandro Mazzola, from Juventus.

If accepted, the transfer fee would easily have surpassed the record sum of 640 million lire (£437,000) which Juventus paid to Varese for striker Pietro Anastasi three years ago.

The bargaining saw some 240 players change clubs in deals worth an estimated 10,000 million lire (£6,667,000). But this figure was some 3,000 million lire (£2,000,000) down on last year, highlighting the financial difficulties many clubs are facing.

And the major stars who moved to new clubs were very few and far between.

The two purchases reckoned to be among the wisest of the market were made by League Champions Juventus. They bought goalkeeper Dino Zoff and lofty Brazilian centre forward Jose Altafini from Napoli.

Inter-Milan bring in two wingers to strengthen their frontline with the acquisition of Sergio Magistrelli from Atlanta and Guiseppe Massa from Lazio, who re-enter the first division after winning promotion from *Serie B*.

The Rome-based club made several buys to bring their line-up back to first division strength, including mid-field Luciano Recoconi from Foggia, wing half Mario Frustalupi from Inter and goalkeeper Felice Pulici from Novara.

AC Milan's major buy was winger Luciano Chiarugi from Fiorentina, who in turn acquired Angelo Sormani from Napoli to team up with fellow Brazilian Sergio Clerici in the front line.

Cagliari swapped Mario Maraschi, a solid centre forward, with Vicenza for Alessandro Vitali, to bolster their attack and provide star striker Luigi Riva with rather better support than he was getting last season.

The new season opens on August 27 with the first eliminating round of the Coppa Italia competition. The first division competition gets under way on September 24.

Russia's sports chiefs have launched a stinging attack on the country's football training methods. They announced in the newspaper *Sovetsky Sport* that in 1973 a group of trainers would be sent abroad to learn from the strongest foreign teams.

Training in Soviet teams was "generally primitively organised." Footballers could not stand the pace even in national games and there were serious shortcomings in technique and tactical training.

These comments came in a statement by the Government's Committee on Physical Culture and Sports, and suggested concern to improve Soviet players' performance in time for the Olympic Games.

It said the second place in the European Championship might have been cause for pride were it not for a series of grave shortcomings in the team's play, "which were especially acute and unsightly in the final match," which Russia lost 3-0 against West Germany.

Japanese star Kunishige Kamamoto scored all five goals in Japan's 5-0 win over Srilanka (Ceylon) in the annual Merdeka tournament held in Malaysia. It brought his harvest of goals to nine in just two games. He scored all four in Japan's 4-1 victory over Cambodia.

Kenya beat Sudan 2-0 (1-0) in the first leg of their World Cup qualifying round match. Daniel Anyanzya and William Oum scored Kenya's goals.

World Soccer newsdesk... ... World Soccer newsdesk

EXCLUSIVE WORLD SOCCER COVERAGE FROM BRAZIL

THE biggest international tournament ever staged in one country, Brazil's Mini World Cup, ended last month in the expected win for the hosts, who beat Portugal by a single goal in the final. But what kind of tournament was it? Has there been any significant change in the balance of power between European and South American football? WORLD SOCCER put these questions to Roger Macdonald, the only British journalist to see both the finals of the European Championship in Belgium and the Independence Tournament in Brazil.

ARE THE CHAMPS OVER THE TOP?

WORLD SOCCER: Let's start with the Brazilians, Roger, if we may; you saw them play three times—are they still as good as they were in 1970?

MACDONALD: I'm afraid not, the Brazil I saw in Mexico would have beaten the present side by two or three goals if that were possible, remembering of course

● *Continued overleaf*

Some of the Brazilian players in training during the Independence Cup tournament.

INDEPENDENCE CUP

ROGER MACDONALD reports from

● *continued from previous page*

that the Brazilian team still includes several of the players that took part in the 1970 World Cup, as one would expect. But the defence has been altered significantly, with only Brito and Clodoaldo surviving, and there is, of course, no Pele.

W.S. Does Pele's absence make that much of a difference—he was, after all, only one man in a team of brilliant players?

R.M. So most of us believed, but if the present Brazilian side is any indication, Pele did more than just add his own skills to a wonderfully gifted side. He lifted them to a level of brilliance we had not seen before; he made them believe they were unbeatable, because the "King" was with them; and now he's gone, they are depressed psychologically, they no longer completely believe in themselves.

W.S. Have all their players dropped below their Mexico form, are you saying?

R.M. Certainly no one played as well as they did in 1970. Some of the established players, such as Brito, Clodoaldo and Gerson no longer seem physically as strong, even if they still have the same range of skills. Gerson, who's supposed to be a chain smoker these days, looked particularly slow, and he spent most of each match at walking pace around his own penalty area. Brito and Clodoaldo seemed rather suspect against fast moving forwards, confirming, if you like, some of the weaknesses that just occasionally came to the surface in the Mexico World Cup.

W.S. But surely the Rivelinos, the Tostaos of the Brazilian side were wonderful to watch?

R.M. Wonderful to watch, certainly, but not as effective. Tostao has fully recovered from the eye injury that made him a doubtful starter in 1970, but even so, he is a rather moody player, good one day, a disaster the next. Rivelino has the technique that most players would cheerfully sacrifice an arm to possess, but since Pele retired from the national side, Rivelino has tried to be too much of a one-man band. His ball control was fantastic, his free-kicks sent the ball whizzing towards goal like a shell, but he overdid the footwork.

Jairzinho scores the winning goal for Brazil against Portugal in the Independence Cup Final.

W.S. What about the Brazilian wingers, Paulo Cesar and Jairzinho?

R.M. One must be careful about describing Paulo Cesar as a winger, though he did function largely as one against England in Guadalajara, if I remember correctly; but Brazil want to use him more in midfield, if they can harness some of his undoubted skill. Cesar's a great favourite with the crowd, because of his ability on the ball, but he lacks the experience and, to some extent, the intelligence, to make the best use of the openings he creates. Though, to be fair, he only played in one and a quarter matches in this tournament—he was injured in Brazil's second game against Yugoslavia—and Brazil themselves had not played previously for five months, so all their players looked a little rusty . . . Jairzinho, however, played above most of his colleagues, I thought. He's a tremendous finisher, which is what Brazil lacked above all, and he scored three of their five goals. One against Yugoslavia, which I saw on television, he hit with both feet off the ground at tremendous pace; then the one that beat Scotland, an astonishing diving header with his nose touching the top of the grass; and another header in the final when everyone was resigned to extra time.

W.S. Does that mean Brazil made less use of the wings than they did in Mexico?

R.M. It means they were less effective on the wings, partly because Carlos Alberto, their captain in 1970, was injured and did not play at all. In Mexico, if you recall, Carlos Alberto used to delight in running into the open spaces that Jairzinho created by drawing the full-back inside—it worked marvellously well in the final, when he scored the fourth goal against Italy with an absolute thunderbolt. Against that, Marco Antonio has now established himself at left-back for Brazil, and he is a very fine attacking player indeed. So Brazil were to some extent more effective on the left flank and less on the right.

W.S. Was Marco Antonio the only new player to emerge as a prospect for 1974?

R.M. There were two others who impressed me—their full back Ze Maria, who always looked calm and resourceful;

CUP TOURNAMENT

reports from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

and their young forward Leivinha from Palmeiras. Leivinha scored two goals against Yugoslavia, and he has the height and the control to be a truly great player. All he lacks at the moment is a sense of anticipation, which, obviously, for a striker, is of vital importance. In two years, however, he could improve by leaps and bounds, I'd say.

W.S. So how do Brazil overall compare with West Germany, on current form?

R.M. I've thought carefully about this and I would say that at present even in Rio, West Germany would beat Brazil—and that's a pretty tall order, considering that only one European country have ever defeated the Brazilians on their own territory, and that was Czechoslovakia back in 1956, 1-0 against a rather weak team in San Paulo. But I don't feel the Brazilian defence could resist the kind of pressure produced by Netzer, Muller and Beckenbauer. Both teams would score a lot of goals, but I would take the Germans to win, 5-2 or 5-3. If they met in Germany, I doubt whether Brazil would score any goals at all—in which case the margin could be much bigger.

Statements

W.S. Are you suggesting, then, that Brazil will lose their crown in 1974—and might not even reach the final?

R.M. It's a little early to make sweeping statements like that, because West Germany might go off the boil, might have reached their peak too soon. More important, you can be sure that Brazil will be magnificently prepared for 1974, whereas this time they had only 42 days together. I say "only", even though it is far longer than any European team ever enjoys, because that's how Brazil's team manager Mario Zagalo put it to me. In 1974 he said, Brazil's top players will be together for five months—that's long enough to raise any good team a long way.

W.S. Yet from the results in this little World Cup it would seem that European defences held Brazil's attack rather easily . . .

R.M. Well if you exclude Brazil's win by 3-nil over Yugoslavia, which I did not see, that does seem true, on the face of it. Czechoslovakia got a rather easy draw; I thought Scotland frankly were unlucky to lose 1-0; and Portugal came close to scoring once or twice in the final before Brazil got their last-minute goal. But each of these teams, even Portugal, had eight, nine, even ten and eleven men in defence for most of the match, and they will hardly be able to play that way in the World Cup without making the German crowd extremely hostile. Brazil, too, as I've said seemed a little disjointed and apprehensive; I suspect they will be a much more complete side when they go to Germany in 1974.

W.S. But if Brazil themselves were more defensive, and most of the teams playing in this tournament were also defensive, this is a bad omen for 1974 isn't it?

R.M. On the face of it, I would agree, especially as the main elements that made massed defence difficult in Mexico, altitude and humidity, won't be significant next time. But West Germany have already shown their contempt for that attitude of play, and as long as they go from success to success, other countries must be tempted to follow them. No one is going to play defensively in 1974 if Germany can prove conclusively that such tactics are out of date. The big question is, *can* they prove it?

Goalless

W.S. What effect did the defensive football in Brazil have on the spectators?

R.M. It sent some of them to sleep, and left others indignant, and I can't say I blame them. The match between Czechoslovakia and Scotland was the dreariest imaginable—the worst I can remember in terms of chances created since England held Bulgaria to a goalless draw back in the 1962 World Cup. But I would not blame the teams entirely—this game was played in blazing sunshine, with the temperature in the eighties, and very high humidity. Even without much running about, all the players looked totally exhausted at the final whistle . . . but then there were precious few spectators at most of the matches where Brazil were not playing. In these stadia built to hold 110,000 or 120,000 people a few thousand fans left the atmosphere completely unreal, like playing in a public park. I wasn't really surprised when the players failed to respond—there was nothing to lift them.

W.S. Why did so few people turn up to the matches?

R.M. Simply a matter of economics, I would think; because the admission prices were pretty high—a minimum of £1 a head at most games. Even the attendances at the Brazil matches were only around the 100,000 mark, which leaves a stadium with the capacity of Maracana (210,000) looking rather empty. But then the minimum admission for the final was 25 cruzeiros, not far short of £2 at the present rate of exchange. When you consider that the average working-class Brazilian gets around £16 or £17 a month, he would have to think twice before paying prices like that.

W.S. So the tournament was a flop financially?

R.M. It depends on who you believe; I was told that receipts and expenses would roughly cancel each other out, but I doubt whether those figures include the enormous amount spent by the Brazilian F.A. in bringing out hordes of guests—wives of officials, V.I.Ps. etc—for the tournament, or during their large but fruitless efforts to persuade other European countries to take part. I would have far rather seen the admission prices kept to a minimum, and the attendances at matches increased accordingly, than the wives of Scottish F.A. officials given a free holiday in Brazil at around £750 a head, to take one example. And the case of one British journalist given a free trip by the Brazilian F.A. was particularly absurd—his newspaper refused to give him leave of absence from Wimbledon, so he flew out on the Friday night before the final and left Rio again on the Sunday evening. I didn't begrudge him his free trip, but if his newspaper proved that short-sighted, he could have recommended some other journalist in his place. As it is, I suspect the Brazilians, and other South American F.As for that matter, will be more sparing with their funds in future.

●Continued on page 44

LESLIE VERNON ....from Budapest

CAMPAIGN WAS VERY MEDIOCRE

DESPITE an orgy of goals and a sensational last-minute disciplinary action, the Hungarian season—vintage '71/'72—was a mediocre one. Often interrupted by international commitments, the league rounds were bunched together in a haphazard fashion—matches continually postponed, fixtures changed. Eventually the public, tired of the chaos, demonstrated their disinterest by staying away, and the attendance figures were disastrous. While Second Division promotion sides from the provinces, Zalaegerszeg and Szeged, regularly had gates between eight and ten thousand, the supposedly popular champions, Dozsa, and the well supported Vasas, had to be satisfied with half that figure

I spent the last few days of the football season in Budapest, and it was obvious that football still has a tremendous attraction. It is a constant topic of conversation, and a hard core of fans even attend mundane training sessions just to be near their idols. In such a climate, it needs only a slightly better organised domestic programme, keener competition and general improvement in effort and dedication to fill the grounds once again.

Faltered

The most salutory feature of the championship was the emergence of two provincial teams—Salgotarjan and Szeged — led by coaches of vision and courage, Ede Moor and Karoly Lakat, who "dared" to challenge the supremacy of the big clubs of the capital and succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. Moor's Salgotarjan only faltered in their last two games (conceding 13 goals!) to finish third, and Tata-Banya (beaten only once during the spring half of the season) are fourth, ahead of the well-established, comparatively rich Ferencvaros and Vasas.

Seemingly the season ended on a high rate, but it turned out to be a one-sided affair. Ujpesti Dozsa, champs for the fourth year running, were playing host to silver medal aspirants S.B.T.C. As I took my place in the Press box, the players ambled on to the pitch in dribs and drabs — even that small touch of showmanship of running out of a tunnel was missing.

In the suffocating heat, the tempo of the game was understandably funereal, but the complete lack of physical challenge surprised me. Szoke, the Salgotarjan goalkeeper, made a few early blunders, and his nervousness unsettled the defence. Dozsa, masters of the situation, played some delightful touch football, and scored almost at will. First Antal Dunai converted a Nagy free-kick from close-in, then Zambo made it 2-0 in the 30th minute. Chipping a clever ball over the head of the stranded goalkeeper, Repas, an industrious midfield player got a consolation goal for the miners' team early in the second period, but as the game progressed the champions' superiority became more and more marked. Nosko put Bene clear, and the centre-forward toe-ended the ball into the right-hand corner. Another mix-up in a demoralised defence brought another Bene goal and only seconds later Zambo got his second of the match by putting the ball in under the body of the unfortunate Szoke. Three minutes from the end Nagy dribbled past the statuesque rearguard and made the final score 6-1!

Honved, with Koesis and Kozma excelling themselves, won 4-0 at Eger, grabbing second place on better goal difference. Unfortunately the dreaded "bunda" (pre-arranged results) reared its ugly head again during the season, and climaxed in the most disgraceful and farcical football match I have ever had the misfortune to suffer.

Relegation

In Hungary, teams frequently settle for a draw in advance—no money is involved, only self interest of both parties wishing to avoid relegation. Most of this friendly back-scratching is thinly disguised—the Pecs v. Diosgyor game, for instance, ended in a 3-3 draw with the respective goalies making uncharacteristic mistakes.

But M.T.K. and Egyetertes went too far in the penultimate round. Apparently they decided on a 0-0 "scoreline", because neither forward line made a serious attempt at scoring, and the players blatantly wasted time by kicking the ball over the stands or just into the crowd.

It was such a blatant case of cheating, that the paying customers cat-called and jeered the players, and the reporter of the daily sportspaper, *Nepsport*, refused to give any marks to the teams and gave an account only of the disgraceful scandal without mentioning any of the derisory "incidents".

Next day, the FA dropped a bombshell! They took three points away from both teams as a punishment and threatened them with expulsion if they are found guilty of the same offence in future.

Suddenly, the relegation battle was wide open again, as three clubs, M.T.K. and Egyetertes plus the previously doomed Egor, were on 20 points. Alas, Egor lost their last game, M.T.K. beat Csepel 3-1 and Egyetertes scrambled a goalless draw against the disinterested Pecs.

Over-long

Ferencvaros salvaged something from a disappointing season by winning the Cup for the 11th time in their history. The final, which was the last competitive game of an over-long season, against Tatabanya, was staged at Ujpest.

Only 8,000 people, including yours truly, braved the stormy, unpleasant weather but the television viewers of Hungary, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union must have enjoyed this fast, exciting match. Without regular defenders Juhasz, Panciscis and Megyesi, Ferencvaros played with a lot of fire and ambition obviously with an eye on the Cup Winners Cup.

Floren Albert was undoubtedly the star of the final. His passing was immaculate and always constructive, and this tall, elegant footballer also snatched the winning goal three minutes from the end. Flori fastened on to a bad Kovacs back pass and pushed the ball under the diving body of Rothermel. Earlier, Vepi, who was a makeshift midfield substitute, scored after a corner after 19 minutes, and Komuves equalised in the 47th minute with a header.

The 2-1 scoreline was probably just, because the fighting qualities of the provincial team couldn't quite cancel out the sheer football skill of the more sophisticated green and whites.

CITY TRAVEL

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GROUP 1: (With West Germany), Berlin and Hamburg, June 14, 18 and 22nd.
GROUP 2: (With Brazil), Cologne, Frankfurt and Stuttgart, June 13, 14, 18 and 22nd.
GROUP 3: Hanover, Gelsenkirchen and Dusseldorf, June 15, 19 and 23rd.
GROUP 4: Nuremburg and Munich, June 15, 19 and 23rd.

Two teams from each group will qualify for eliminating rounds which will be played in two groups on June 26, 30 and July 3. The third place match and final will be played July 6th and 7th.

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Preview by JACK ROLLIN

Ajax free pass

THERE is something wholly unsatisfactory about a draw which needs to allow for byes and at the same time is seeded. The two are really at odds with each other, but when they are insufficient teams to include them all in the first round, it is inevitable.

In the European Cup, Ajax (the holders) and Spartak Trnava received a free ticket into the next round and in a competition which has only four rounds before the final, this is a considerable advantage.

No one is denying the right of Ajax, who have won the cup for the last two years to have a feet-up experience in round one, but Spartak Trnava's claim is a much less valid one. It would have been a better idea to give this concession to a club with a better record in the competition.

As it was, teams who have reached the semi-final of the European Cup have been seeded, so why not have gone the whole hog and granted a bye to the side with the next best record? Real Madrid would have qualified for this quite handsomely.

Still the seeding process has at least produced the situation that will ensure sixteen pretty strong sides in the second round. Real Madrid, Anderlecht, Ujpest Dozsa, Celtic, Bayern Munich, Benfica, Gornik Zabrze, Magdeburg, Arges Pitesti and even Waterford look pretty good even money favourites. Less predictable are the ties involving Olympique Marseilles v. Juventus; SW Innsbruck v. Dynamo Kiev, CSKA Sofia v. Panathinaikos and Derby v. Zeljeznicar Sarajevo.

Strongest

The English champions first tilt in the European arena is a formidable one and they will need all their ability to dispose of the leaders of one of Europe's strongest Eastern bloc sides.

Actually the need for the byes was caused through Northern Ireland's decision to withdraw from all three competitions because of the political situation there, Albania being banned from competing in this and the UEFA Cup because of their failure to carry out engagements last season and only one representative qualifying from Holland with Ajax again winning the Dutch League.

Veteran performers in the competition are of course Real Madrid now entering their 16th season, Benfica their 12th while the consistent Bulgarian Army side CSKA September Flag Sofia—to give them their full title—are making their 11th appearance in the European Cup. Anderlecht come next with their 10th. At the other end of the scale the debutants are Derby County, Zeljeznicar Sarajevo, Magdeburg and Arges Pitesti.

The Cup Winners Cup has a nicely rounded off 32 entries by courtesy of Northern Ireland's withdrawal, the inclusion of Albania's entry FC Besa and the ban on Rangers, the holders.

First round winning certainties appear at this stage to be Atletico Madrid, AC Milan, Ferencvaros, Schalke 04, Legia Warsaw, Leeds United, Hajduk Split, Rapid Vienna, Zurich, Cork Hibs and Carl Zeiss Jena.

The most experienced side in the competition is oddly enough Floriana of Malta who are making their fifth appearance but with little hope of getting past the Ferencvaros hurdle.

On the other hand there are more than a dozen debutants in the competition including Leeds United and Wrexham the Third Division club.

The 64 club start for the UEFA Cup is split up into the eight groups as of old Fairs Cup design and there is the usual motley collection of entries.

Holders Tottenham Hotspur appear in Group One with a fairly easy tie against Lyn Oslo which should produce something like the cricket score proportions of their match with Keflavik last season and indeed Leeds previous success against Lyn a couple of seasons back.

Other famous names in the competition are Manchester City, the ultra-consistent Liverpool—do they ever fail to get into Europe?—Stoke City and West Germany's Borussia Moenchengladbach who were at the centre of that European Cup controversy with Inter-Milan last term. They won 7-1 in the beer can throwing fiasco and were finally beaten after the game was replayed.

Mini-revival

Partick Thistle face Honved the one-time all great Hungarian side who are having something of a mini-revival but with nothing like the ability of the 1950s side.

Feyenoord, represent one of Holland's entries and clubs like Barcelona, Red Star Belgrade, Inter themselves, Dukla Prague, Cologne and Bruges will ensure some pretty stiff challengers for the crown now held by Spurs.

For all three competitions the opening round matches will be played on September 13 and 27. The final of the European Cup will be played in Belgrade on May 30; the final of the Cup Winners Cup in Paris on May 16 and the two dates for the final of the UEFA Cup on the usual home and away basis is May 9 and 23.

But whatever the results it is to be hoped that all three competitions are devoid of the unpleasantness which has all too often featured in the headlines of Europe's newspapers the day after cup-ties.

CUP DRAWS

EUROPEAN CUP

FIRST ROUND: Ajax (holders) and Spartak Trnava (Czechoslovakia), byes to second round; Real Madrid v. Keflavik (Iceland); Anderlecht v. Vejle BK (Denmark); Ujpest Dozsa v. Basle; Celtic v. Rosenborg Trondheim; Bayern Munich v. Galatasaray Istanbul; Olympic Marseilles v. Juventus; Malmoe v. Benfica; SW Innsbruck v. Dynamo Kiev; CSCA September Flag Sofia (Bulgaria) v. Panathinaikos Athens; Sliema Wand. (Malta) v. Gornik Zabrze; FC Magdeburg (E. Germany) v. Turun Palloseura Turku (Finland); Aris Bonnevoy (Luxemburg) v. Arges Pitesti (Rumania); Derby v. Zeljeznicar Sarajevo; Waterford v. Omonia Nikosia.

EUROPEAN CUP-WINNERS' CUP FIRST ROUND

FIRST ROUND: Atletico Madrid v. Bastia (France); AC Milan v. Red Boys Differdingen (Luxemburg); Ferencvaros v. Floriana La Valetta; Schalke 04 (W. Germany) v. Slavia Sofia; Slovan Bratislava or Sparta Prague v. Standard Liege; A.D.O. Den Haag v. Spartak Moskau (USSR); Legia Warsaw v. K.R. Vikinur Reykjavik; Ankaragucu (Turkey) v. Leeds; Hajduk Split (Yugoslavia) v. Frederikstad (Norway); Rapid Wien (Austria) v. P.A.O.K. Saloniki; FC Zurich v. Wrexham; Sporting Lisbon v. Hibernians; Landskrona Boys (Sweden) v. Rapid Bucharest; Panaporikos Larnaca (Cyprus) v. Cork Hibs; Fremad Amager (Denmark) v. FC Besa (Albania); Carl Zeiss Jena (E. Germany) v. MP Mikeli (Finland).

U.E.F.A. CUP

GROUP ONE: Aberdeen v. Borussia Moenchen Gladbach (W. Germany); RFC Brugeois (Belgium) v. Atvidaberg (Sweden); Tottenham v. Lyn Oslo; Hvidovre If (Denmark) v. IFK Helsinki.

GROUP TWO: Manchester City v. Valencia; FC Cologne (W. Germany) v. Bohemians; Honved Budapest v. Partick Thistle; Vikinger Stavanger v. IBV Westman (Iceland).

GROUP THREE: US Rumelingen (Luxemburg) v. Feyenoord; Liverpool v. Eintracht Frankfurt; Grasshoppers Zurich v. Olympique Nimes; Vitoria Setubal v. Zaglebie Sosnoviec (Poland).

GROUP FOUR: Stoke v. FC Kaiserslautern; Racing White Brussels v. C.U.F. Barreiresse (Portugal); Torino v. Las Palmas; Sochaux (France) v. Frem Copenhagen (Denmark).

GROUP FIVE: Olimpiakos Piraeus v. Cagliari; Angers (France) v. Dynamo Berlin (E. Germany); FC Porto (Portugal) v. CF Barcelona; Universitatea Cluj (Rumania) v. Levsky/Spartak Sofia.

GROUP SIX: Red Star Belgrade v. Lausanne; Internazionale Milan v. FC Valetta; Beroe Stara-Zagora (Bulgaria) v. Austria Wien; U.T. Arad (Rumania) v. I.F.K. Norrkoeping.

GROUP SEVEN: Epa Larnaca (Cyprus) v. Ararat Erewan (USSR); A.E.K. Athens v. Salgotaryan (Hungary); Eskisehirspor (Turkey) v. Fiorentina; O.F.K. Belgrade (Yugoslavia) v. Dukla Prague.

GROUP EIGHT: Slovan Bratislava or VSS Kosice (Czechoslovakia) v. Vojvodina NS (Yugoslavia); Dinamo Tiflis (USSR) v. Twente Enschede (Holland); Ruch Chorzow (Poland) v. Fenerbahce Istanbul; Dinamo Dresden (E. Germany) v. Voest Linz (Austria).

ERIC WEIL reports from Buenos Aires

Independiente: back row, left to right: Santoro, Raimondo, Sa, Commisso, Garisto, Pavoni. Front: Balbuena, Pastoriza, Maglioni, Semenewicz, Saggioratto.

POOR GAMES BUT...

INDEPENDIENTE won the "Libertadores" Cup for the third time (equalling the record of Peñarol, Uruguay, and Estudiantes de La Plata, Argentina) by beating Peruvian club, Universitario de Deportes, in the two-legged final by 2-1 on aggregate.

The games were poor, but they were clean which, in itself, is a triumph in this competition about which it is being said that there is too much at stake to produce clean games.

Independiente have played in this South American Club Championship six times, Universitario nine times, but it was the Peruvian team's first-ever appearance in the final. This came at a time, however, when they are no longer at their best.

Universitario, who can include virtually the whole of Peru's last World Cup team, formerly made up for their lack of physique by their soccer artistry, but now with the possible exception of occasional flashes from Percy Rojas, Cruzado and Muñante, they are no longer able to do this.

Strategic

The first leg at Lima ended 0-0, but Independiente did not defend in the way visiting teams usually do in this competition, but took the battle into mid-field, their strong department, and would not let Universitario get attacks going. They controlled the match, slowed it down (which suited them) and risked little in attack. Theirs was a strategic game, well planned and carried out in an organised way.

Universitario came nearer goal, but never looked like breaking through the Argentine defence. They tried to trick Independiente into attacking, but the Argentine team, when they did advance, did it slowly and stealthily. This never looked like being successful, but at the same time never left them open to counter-attacks for which the Peruvian team was formerly famous.

Only winger, Ramirez, was a problem for Independiente as he was sometimes too fast for defender Commisso. Centre-forward Rojas tried to play good soccer, but he had little support. Apart from that, he and the rest of the attack was always very closely marked—something which the Peruvians don't like at all.

Problem

Independiente, always finding it difficult to score and being too obsessed by the belief that they might not be able to, seemed to have the problem solved when Maglioni gave them a six-minute lead in the second leg in Buenos Aires. From then on, however, Universitario won more possession of the ball to gain the upper hand.

Universitario's dominance was useless, however, against the always sound and intelligently marking Independiente defence. The Argentine team's second goal, also scored by Maglioni, following a magnificent overhead pass from Pastoriza, seemed to put the result beyond doubt, but Universitario then scored the one goal which their superior ball control perhaps deserved and the result remained in doubt until the final whistle.

Defence

But the match was never exciting. Independiente had slowed it down and put Universitario, who lacked connection between defence and attack, off their game.

Once again, half Pastoriza was Independiente's best player, although he was not in the game as much as usual. This was not due to being marked, however, as he had no difficulty in shaking off opponents.

Now Independiente are hoping that after losing two years running 1964 and 1965) to Inter-Milan in the Inter-Continental Cup challenge matches, it will be third time lucky against Ajax (Holland) this year. We shall have a closer look at Independiente in next month's WORLD SOCCER.

First Leg (at Lima, May 17)

UNIVERSITARIO (Peru) 0
INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) ... 0

Universitario: Ballesteros, Soria, Cuellar, Chumpitaz, Luna, Techera, Carbonell, Castañeda, Ramirez, Rojas, Bailetti.

Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Sa, Garisto, Pavoni, Pastoriza, Raimondo, Semenewicz, Balbuena, Saggiorato, Mircoli.

Referee: A. Marques (Brazil)

Second Leg (at Buenos Aires, May 24

INDEPENDIENTE Argentina (1) 2
(Maglioni 2)
UNIVERSITARIO (Peru) .....(0) 1
(Sa o.g.)

Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Sa, Garisto, Pavoni, Pastoriza, Raimondo, Semenewicz, Balbuena, Maglioni, Saggiorato.

Universitario: Ballesteros, Soria, Cuellar, Chumpitaz, Luna, Techera (Alva), Cruzado, Castañeda, Muñante, Rojas, Ramirez.

(Referee: J. Favilli Neto (Brazil)

"LIBERTADORES" CUP WINNERS

Year	Champions	Losing Finalists
1960	Peñarol (Uruguay)	Olimpia (Paraguay)
1961	Peñarol (Uruguay)	Palmeiras (Brazil)
1962	Santos (Brazil)	Peñarol (Uruguay)
1963	Santos (Brazil)	Boca Juniors (Argentina)
1964	Independiente (Arg.)	Nacional (Uruguay)
1965	Independiente (Arg.)	Peñarol (Uruguay)
1966	Peñarol (Uruguay)	River Plate (Arg.)
1967	Racing Club (Arg.)	Nacional (Uruguay)
1968	Estudiantes (Argentina)	Palmeiras (Brazil)
1969	Estudiantes (Arg.)	Nacional (Uruguay)
1970	Estudiantes (Arg.)	Peñarol (Uruguay)
1971	Nacional (Uruguay)	Estudiantes (Arg.)
1972	Independiente (Arg.)	Universitario (Peru)

Argentine teams have won the Cup seven times, Uruguayans (4) and Brazilians (2).

PENNY HAS DROPPED IN EUROPE

THOUGH it took two years for the penny—or should one say the cruzeiro?—to drop in Europe, drop it finally has. The lesson so admirably taught by the Brazilians in Mexico, that attacking football lives, was stubbornly ignored in Italy and Britain, but has been splendidly taken to heart in Holland and West Germany. So Ajax carry off, again, the European Cup, and West Germany gloriously win the European Championship.

For Helmut Schoen, it must have been something of a vindication. Once a skilful, ball-playing inside-forward himself, he has long wanted to encourage such qualities in the West German international team. For years, he was obliged to work under the shadow and the aegis of Sepp Herberger, the indestructible little team manager who took over in 1938, on the eve of the French World Cup, and remained in office till after the World Cup of 1962. One must detract nothing from Herberger, who so skilfully whipped the World Cup of 1954 from under the Hungarians' noses, and who inspired so many fine German teams, but he was certainly a believer in the old German strengths of muscle and commitment; exemplified by such players as Helmut Rahn, Horst Szymaniak and above all by the equally indestructible Uwe Seeler. Moreover, Herberger was an exhibitionist, an outging man, where Schoen is inclined to be more shy and placid.

He was perhaps still labouring in the wake, and under the influence, of Herberger when he made that great mistake in the World Cup Final of 1966, setting Franz Beckenbauer to mark Bobby Charlton, and thus throwing away the sublime talents of his most constructive player. Little Dettmar Cramer, his assistant coach, disagreed with him forcefully, and was one of his loudest and most virulent critics four years later, in Mexico.

Decisive

There, the Italian journalists said DANKE, SCHOEN! in their papers after Italy's 4-3 victory in the semi-finals, alleging that Schoen's reorganisation of his team during the game, at the expense of defence, had been decisive. My own feeling at the time, and one which remains, was that the game was lost when Beckenbauer was brutally chopped down on the edge of the Italian box after a lovely, flowing run, early in the second half, and had to play the rest of the match with a badly damaged shoulder.

Beckenbauer's performance in Belgium was quite glorious; it is he, now, rather than Seeler, who has become the Ego Ideal of this West German (footballing) generation, he whom they wish to emulate. You may take this, if you wish, as an example, in sport of the transforming effect of great men on their times, or you may, as I prefer to, think it reflects some deeper change in the German psyche.

Beckenbauer, after all, is not alone, nor could Schoen do very much to implement his ambitions, were the players not at hand for him to use. That they are, splendidly and abundantly, to hand, is demonstrated by the effulgent presence of such as Gunter Netzer, and the fact that Schoen can afford to leave out as brilliant a strategist as

Russia's first goal against Hungary in the recent European Championship finals. The scorer was Konkov.

Belgium reflections by BRIAN GLANVILLE

Wolfgang Overath — though I understand he hopes to reincorporate him in the team; and what a team!

If one may revert to the subject of fouls, the whole future of "total football", pure football, attacking football, or whatever you may wish to call it, rests to a large extent on the capacity of the referees. The European Championship Final, in which the Germans walked over the pedestrian Russians, was a decorous enough affair, for which both referee and Russians take much credit, but two other games were most displeasing.

Orthodox

I was in Antwerp, where I thought the refereeing of Bill Mullan, of Scotland, most unsatisfactory. He gave little or no protection to the lively little German left winger, Erwin Kremers, whose fine runs and whose ability to beat a man, or even two, showed us again that orthodox wing-play is far from dead, and who should surely have had a penalty when Heylens chopped him down in the late first half. As for his treatment of Vandendaelen the, shall we politely say, uncompromising Belgian centre-back, it stressed the ambiguities and difficulties of the referee's task, and of the disciplinary aspect of football itself.

Having been very properly cautioned, with a flourished yellow card, for one foul, what should Vandendaelen, totally unchastened, do but commit two equally as bad within the very next minute? For the second, on Beckenbauer, he came with evident, ill-intent, almost the length of the field, to clobber him in the very German penalty area. Mr Mullan gave the appropriate free kicks, but did no more; he clearly had no desire to send a player off. Yet having cautioned a player, what else can one legitimately and logically do than expel him, above all in such circumstances, when he immediately defies the referee who's booked him?

Violence

To do nothing was simply to lose authority. In Liege, the following Saturday, we saw an instance of players, rather than referee, bringing about the deterioration of a match. All went tolerably well until, early in the second half, Peter Juhasz inexcusably kicked the Belgian goalkeeper, Christian Piot, when he had no chance at all of reaching the ball. He was booked, might well have been sent off, but in any event, from that moment, all was vendetta and violence. God knows what a referee can do when there is simply no more goodwill left in a game. To say that it was Juhasz's malign fault is not in any way to deal with the problem.

West German goalkeeper Sepp Maier saves from his colleague, Hans-Georg Schwarzenbeck (4) during the European Championship Final against Russia.

There was a displeasing precursor to his foul at half-time, when a Belgian policeman inexcusably whacked a harmless West German supporter twice on the arm with his truncheon, when he carried a German flag on to the field. Certainly he should not have done it. Equally certainly it was a gesture which might have started a riot had there been more Germans at the match, and the spiteful Belgian gendarme was lucky not to get his head kicked in.

The crowd that evening was merely a few thousand; the crowd, if that is the appropriate word, at Anderlecht for the Hungary v Russia semi-final was less than 2000: an insult to both teams. True, it was insane of the European Union, that deeply unimpressive body, to stage both matches simultaneously, moreover at the very time the Belgian game was being televised from Antwerp. When you think that such a match, had it taken place in Russia or in Budapest, must have drawn 100,000 spectators, the folly and absurdity of it all becomes more marked.

As for the third place, that wooden spoon of an affair, surely the best thing to do, if you must have it, is to play it as a curtain-raiser to the Final, which was successfully done in Rome, in 1968. This guaranteed, at the Stadio Olimpico, an immense crowd and a boiling atmosphere; ask Nobby Stiles, whistled from first to last by that monstrous, but at least impassioned, Roman public.

Finally, a brief word on UEFA's original decision to ban Rangers from European football for two years. It sets a most dangerous and inequitable precedent, it has no basis in law or logic, and it quite inexcusably implies that a club's supporters are its agents. Nonsensical and indefensible.

News from France by ANDRE DUCLOS

Tokoto pays for his release

IRONIC that one of the most impressive players in the early phases of the Brazilian Independence Cup should be a Cameroonian inside-forward called Jean-Pierre Tokoto; ironic, and a little shameful. Ironic because, despite his brilliant form in the recent African Nations Cup, when he was voted the best player, Tokoto played a mere twenty minutes, against Bastia, on his return to France. Shameful, even disgraceful, because Marseilles, who have no need of him at all this summer, should demand from the African Selection a cool two million, three hundred thousands francs for his release. Dogs in the manger indeed; and one might think of stronger language.

The African Confederation hasn't much money, and so it came to pass that Tokoto dipped deep into his own pocket for the million and a half francs required to make up the sum Marseilles demanded. He hopes to get it back, and the African team's joint coach, Rachid Mekloufi, former Saint Etienne and France inside-right, has promised him he will, but the whole African council has to agree on it, and it remains uncertain.

Midfield-players

What a mean way, you may think, to treat a fine, gifted player, and you'd be quite right. There is, alas, even more to it than that. When he got back to France from his achievements in the African Cup, no one said a word of congratulation to Tokoto, and in fact he was fined a thousand (new) francs for refusing to play for the club's so-called amateur team.

Distant bells may be jangling in your head, and with reason. It was, indeed, Marseilles, if such be the direction of your thoughts, who refused to let Roger Magnusson play for Sweden in the World Cup, without a hefty compensation. The Swedes said they could not afford it, and Magnusson didn't go to Mexico. Now Tokoto, who had a glorious game against France, at Maceio, when he and Georges Lech were the best midfield players on the field, hopes that he may join Bordeaux.

Three successive victories, whatever the quality of the opposition, was certainly a pleasant change for France, whom the Brazilian air seems to suit so well; remember their mid-season tour of 18 months ago. In particular, it appears to suit the Nice and ex-Saint Etienne centre-forward, Hervé Revilli, who returned to form when he banged home three goals against the weak Central American selection in the first game.

Italian immigrant

France have also, it seems, found yet another fine goalkeeper, in the tradition of Thepot, Da Rui and Vignal. Dominque Baratelli, the young Nice goalkeeper, who was still an inside-left until a few years ago, made a solid debut against the Concacaf selection, but did incomparably better against the clever Africans, when he was in superb form. He is the grandson of an Italian immigrant, but his family has lived on the Côte d'Azur for 40 years.

As for Hervé Revelli, he says that he envies his younger brother Patrick, still a striker with Saint Etienne, and also on the Brazilian trip, who, he asserts, suffers from none of his own pressures and complexes.

Others with whom the Brazilian air seemed to agree were Blanchet, the clever and economical Nantes right-winger, and Georges Lech who, in midfield, was accelerating as he once did in his days as a right-winger. Lech will be playing for Reims next season, after having missed the last month of the Championship with Sochaux. He was injured, and, besides, he was in dispute with his club. Now that such worries are behind him, he is playing well enough to make one think that Reims will have a fine, new motor in their team, next season.

His is one of many interesting transfers, involving famous players. Paris Saint German, who will play as Paris's metropolitan representative in the magnificent new Parc des Princes next season, have acquired Chapuisat, the skilful Swiss international stopper, from Lausanne Sports, and they are interested in Saint Etienne's prolific Malian centre-forward, Salif Keita. By the time you read this, something may have happened.

Olympique Marseilles, for ever busily buying, have acquired the blond Hungarian international inside-right Zoltan Varga, jettisoned, reluctantly, by Hertha Berlin, because he was found guilty by the *Bundesliga* and the DFB of taking bribes to lose matches in last season's relegation scandals. Varga has certainly had nothing if not a *mouvementé* career, for he it was who defected from the Hungarian Olympic team in Mexico, four years ago. Nimes were equally interested, and protested at Varga's signing: not, I fear, on any moral grounds, but simply because they thought they had first option. M. Leclerc, Marseille's controversial Chairman, retorted that his club had been first in the race.

Sectional championship

Ivica Osim, the lanky Yugoslav inside-forward who led his country's attack in the Tokyo Olympic tournament, has also, surprisingly, moved, leaving Strasbourg, whom he helped to win their sectional championship in the Division Nationale, for Sedan. Another Yugoslav who will certainly be moving is the excellent Bastia goalkeeper, Pantelic, who played in the Cup Final against Olmpique Marseilles, whose 'keeper he previously was.

Finally, news of an important "transfer" of a manager. The new chief of Paris F.C., as they'll now be called, will be the former French international half-back, Louis Hon, who joins them after a spell at Avignon. A Parisian himself who made his name with the Parisian club Stade Francais and once ran a bistro in the capital with the legendary Moroccan star Ben Barek, Hon seems both a practical and an appropriately sentimental choice to lead Paris F.C. in this, their first season in the First Division.

Pele is in the thick of the action in this match against Australia, which ended in a 2-2 draw.

CASH 'N' CARRY WITH SANTOS...

From ANDREW DETTRE in Sydney

TWO crammed weeks have produced a varied fare of international soccer, good enough to satisfy even the most demanding Aussie fans. In that period we had here Scotland's Dundee FC, England's Wolverhampton and, finally, champagne to wash it all down—Santos with King Pele.

To everybody's pleasant surprise, almost astonishment, the real star of this multi-racial extravaganza was the Australian team. Let's go back to the start.

Dundee, after toying with all State teams, came up against a very solid Australian side. Dundee won 2-1 but only because Australia's goalkeeper, Adelaide's Roger Romanowicz, made two enormous goofs, literally throwing the match to the grateful Scots. Romanowicz was promptly dropped from the Australian team and I doubt if he'll ever return from his own personal Coventry.

Next came the Wolves, with twice the reputation of Dundee, lining up such formidable aces as Dougan, McCalliog, Munro, Wagstaffe and others. But the Wolves were quickly tamed.

In the first match, in Melbourne, Australia defeated them 1-0 with a late goal by Attila Abonyi, hammering a rebound home to the delight of 10,000 fans. The following day, when the two teams met again in Sydney, Wolves promised fireworks—and revenge. But all they could manage was a 2-2 draw, after twice being down in the match.

Australia's first goal came after precisely nine seconds, straight from kick-off, without any Wolves players even touching the ball before Ray Baartz slammed it in. I doubt if they had ever conceded a faster goal in their long and illustrious career. Baartz, by the way, also scored the second Australian goal, after a glorious run of 30 yards, slamming between the Wolves defenders as if they were juniors.

Then came Santos with Pele, Edu, Alcindo and Leao, among others, though without Carlos, Alberto and Clodoaldo, needed for the Little World Cup. Sydney saw an absolutely unprecedented soccer hysteria, with all 32,000 tickets sold before the game, some fetching $8, this being the highest fee ever charged for any football game in Australia.

This, however, nearly turned into the match that never was. Through a misunderstanding, the Santos demand of being paid, in US currency, 24 hours before the match, wasn't met. Half an hour before the scheduled kick-off, with Sydney Sportsground packed to capacity, Santos were still at their motel as their tour promoter Jorge Gutman and ASF officials were haggling over the money. Part of the $35,000 match fee was offered to Senhor Gutman in cash, the rest in cheque; ALL was demanded in cash—or Santos would call off the game.

At long last, some agreement was reached—and the match could go on, with a 40-minute delay, all but ruining a carefully scheduled live telecast. Later, Santos pulled yet another trick, this time to beat the Australian taxation people: they changed all their loot into travellers cheques, distributing it among the players, thus creating total confusion in the bureaucratic minds.

But the real shock was the match itself which ended in a 2-2 draw. Santos displayed all the traditional skill and craft of Brazilian football but their finishing was woeful. One of their goals was scored after a mazy run by full-back Orlando, the other—yes, you've guessed—from a free kick by Edu.

Pele, the man they all came to see and admire, had a quiet game, sending only three shots at goal during the match and generally roaming the midfield, followed by his shadow, the brilliant Ray Richards. It was only in the last 15 minutes that Santos gained the upper hand, pouring on the pressure, desperately trying to score the winner. But this eluded them: a rebuilt, most combative and stunningly skilled Australia in the end held the mighty Santos to a draw.

Nobody was more pleased than national team coach Rale Rasic, a quiet fellow with the enormous task of taking Australia through the World Cup elimination hurdles. After the recent international, when Rasic was able to gauge his players' abilities, he has a more confident expression on his usually sad Slavic face. Santos, that toured the Orient chalking up effortless victories everywhere, got stuck in Sydney; Wolves—admittedly exhausted after their English season—fared just as badly against Australia as against Tottenham in the UEFA Cup Final.

This sort of achievement is usually enough to make any coach smile. But Rasic is aware of the tasks ahead which begin with the Asian tour in October, when Australia comes to grips with Japan, Korea, Indonesia and others. The tasks have remained the same—but Australia's confidence has blossomed.

BANKS—STI
BEST IN THE

Despite England's recent lapses, the prestige of one player has remained unimpaired

Story by ERIC BATTY

ENGLAND'S recent reverses have inevitably changed public opinion across Europe but one thing that has not been affected is the prestige of England's Gordon Banks who has been around with Chesterfield, Leicester City and Stoke for almost as long as most fans can remember. Although always a "good" goalkeeper, it was the 1966 World Cup that finally threw the spotlight on Banks and made everyone sit up and realise just how good he was. Until then he had merely been regarded as reliable, but from 1966 onwards, more and more people began to appreciate that with regard to goalkeepers, absolute reliability was in fact brilliance.

Watching Banks play one cannot help but recognise the qualities that have made him a world renowned figure. Safe hands, good timing, the ability to be in the right place at the right time—all vital for an international class goalkeeper. But Banks has something more—a magic that almost defies description. There is, of course, the occasional goal that evades him, probably when he doesn't get a clear sight of the ball through a penalty area crowded with players but in the main he gives a solid appearance of goalkeeping personified.

Majority

To be sure of beating Banks, high crosses are out. So, too, are the speculative shots from long range that catch many another goalkeeper napping. With Banks between the sticks you have to get in close, hit the ball hard . . . and hit it right.

In the international arena, outstanding continental goalkeepers have been rare because while the vast majority are good on the shot, many of them are lacking in confidence when dealing with the high cross. This has become such an integral part of the British game that all English custodians can take high balls all day—and the best of them like Banks can seldom be beaten. In common with a long line of outstanding English international goalkeepers stretching from Hibbs and Woodley to Swift and Banks, the top men do all the simple things well, seldom make mistakes and are rarely caught out "upstairs" as their continental counterparts can be. No doubt this is because a high degree of physical contact with goalkeepers has always been allowed in England—giving English 'keepers an obvious edge.

Banks has already made an impact on two World Cups—one by his very presence in 1966 when his fine 'keeping made a substantial contribution to England's success. The other in Mexico was marked almost as much by Banks—first by a great performance against Brazil, followed by his absence against West Germany in a match that proved how critically important the goalkeeper was!

But if Banks' greatest assets are his absolute reliability and rock-like appearance between the sticks he occasionally excels himself. While many good judges look at goalkeepers and reckon them by their failings it is difficult to find any in Banks natural game. He has worked in training at all the simple things—all the basics that a goalkeeper is called upon to do in matches but now and again he produces a reflex save that can never be the result of hard training no matter how meticulous the methods might be.

Exposed

One of these magical moments for Banks came in Mexico with a save from a header by Pele that was out of this world. A cross from the Brazilian right wing had caught Banks at his near post and moving back across the goal as Pele jumped, more than half the goal was exposed. Pele got up superbly to nod the ball down firmly at the foot of the post and Banks came from nowhere with his right hand. At the time I thought he used the hard "wrist" part of his palm to knock the ball up and away, but later seeing it again on film it became apparent that Banks had in fact knocked the ball down.

From there the ball bounced up and over the bar—it could only have happened on the hard Mexican pitches and if Banks can be adjudged a little fortunate to have kept the ball out—it was little short of miraculous that he reached it at all.

Shrewd

Given all the basic skills and vast experience, goalkeepers seem to develop an "instinct" for the right place and in Banks case this was never more apparent than when, in the 1971-72 League Cup he faced his old England colleague Geoff Hurst over the penalty spot. Banks had seen Hurst take penalties before of course—but this is not always an advantage against a shrewd player. But Banks judged his man right and with a place in the Wembley final at stake as the two men faced each other Banks made up his mind.

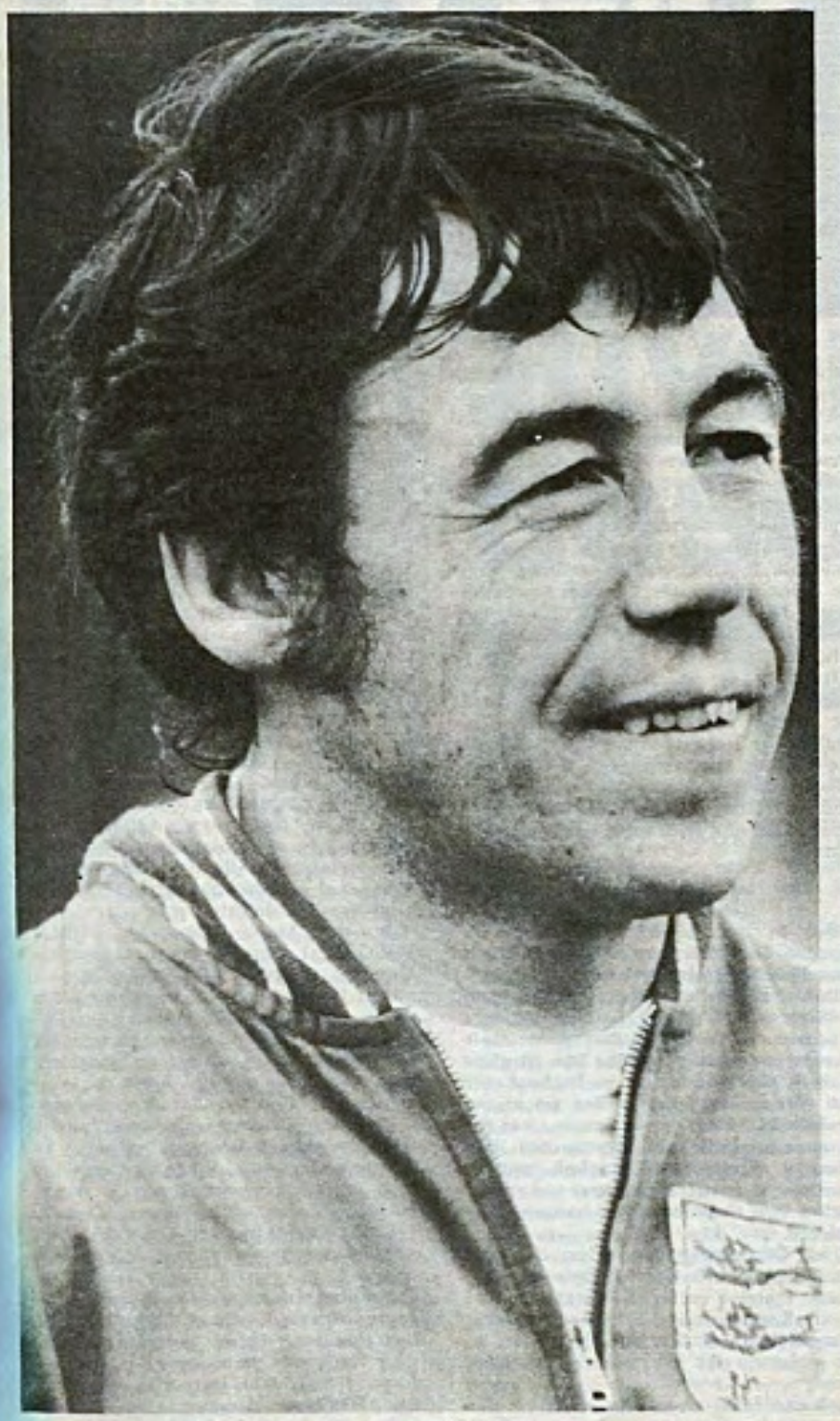
As Hurst started his run-up, Banks tensed his body for action. As the ball left Hurst's boot Banks was already on his way, searching, stretching out for the top right hand corner where he guessed the shot would come. It did, but the ball was just a little off target and Banks, reaching for it with his right hand suddenly brought up his left to turn the ball over the bar.

Critical

It was all over in an instant and no doubt at all Banks had been in his way—infringing the laws of the game—before Hurst had hit the ball. It was a critical moment for both clubs—in the dying seconds of a Cup tie and if that save prevented West Ham reaching Wembley no one, not even the most diehard West Ham supporter could have begrudged Banks that moment of glory. It was perhaps one of the most fantastic saves I've ever seen—certainly the most dramatic.

At the end of the season Gordon Banks was awarded the Footballer of the Year trophy—a departure from the customary procedure of giving it to one of the Cup Final stars but it was a hard-earned award, fully justified and not only for one year . . . but for a decade of superb ability between the sticks.

STILL THE WORLD



Spartak Trnava nose ahead

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN Footballer of the Year in 1967 and at one time a worthy looking successor to Josef Masopust, Jan Geleta made one of his now rare appearances for Dukla when he came on as a substitute in the away match at Teplice (Dukla lost 3-1).

Very much spectators—like almost everyone else—Dukla had a very useful season—their best for some years under Jaroslav Vejvoda and finished third. Amongst their final games was a 3-2 victory over neighbours Sparta (and a crowd of more than 14,000) and a 5-2 win over Trinec, but they went down 1-2 to Slavia whose ground they are using while their own Juliska stadium is rebuilt.

Sewn up

At the half way mark, it looked as if Slovan Bratislava, champions in 69-70, had the title sewn up but early in the new year Anton Malatinsky returned to Spartak Trnava after his stint in Austria and from then on the pace hotted up.

The lead changed hands several times in the early weeks after the re-start but finally it was Spartak who got their noses in front and once ahead they never looked back. Their second half run was unbeaten—won 10 drawn 5 lost 0 for a goals tally of 27 to 10 and since the re-start they gained eight points more than Slovan Bratislava who finished second.

There were some anxious moments in the final games, however—one down at half time against Inter (won 2-1); drawing 0-0 away to VSS Kosice (before 18,000) on the day of the Bratislava Inter-Slova derby (1-1).

Crashed

Then, on the last day, 2-0 up at the break with goals from Adamec and Kabat they let Nitra off the hook and they came back to 2-2 in the last minute. But Trnava had done enough. Slovan had crashed 2-1 away to Presov and Spartak Trnava took their fourth league championship in five seasons!

Brno, with former international stopper Jan Popluhar still playing, just saved themselves from relegation on the last day, watched by 16,000. Struggling amongst the bottom two for weeks (with Inter) Brno beat Teplice 2-0 to escape.

Trencin, beaten on the last day 2-0 by Sparta, go down with Inter and there will now be a scramble for Inter's international inside forwards who missed most of the season—Juraj Szikora (injury) and Ladislav Petra (suspension).

West German Newsletter from ARTHUR ROTMIL

SECOND ONLY TO BRAZIL

WHAT had already been apparent to most experts exactly two years ago, during the Mexico World Cup, was emphatically confirmed in the recently completed European Championship: West Germany have the best national side in Europe and only Brazil can currently challenge their supremacy in the world. Following their convincing 3-0 triumph over Russia, in the European Final, most soccer enthusiasts would like these questions answered: How did the Germans rise to this pinnacle of footballing achievement in our continent? And who, or what for that matter has been mainly responsible for their present acknowledged superiority?

Even more than their recent successes, it has been the manner of performance, the tactical "know -how", and above all their technical skill individually and collectively which has surprised mostly those, in Britain for example, who either follow development in international football half-heartedly or not at all. It is worth noting that Germany's statistical overall record in the World Cup tournaments, for instance, is second only to Brazil.

Competitive

In my view the present displays of strength by the West German national team have a two-fold origin. Firstly, they are now reaping the benefits of having established the National League (*Bundesliga*) nine years ago. Up till 1963, German football was organised on a strictly regional basis. The geographically divided Leagues South, South-West North, West and West Berlin had been staging their own championship, as incidentally they are still continuing now. The winners and runners-up of these Regional Leagues then played each other in two groups home and away.

The two clubs topping their groups then disputed the grand all-German final, for the title of champions. This method is used today to decide promotion to the *Bundesliga*.

By creating one National League consisting of the country's top 16, or as since 1965, 18 teams, the leading German clubs had to contend with fierce competition from which, through this concentration of their best talent, the tough competitive and skilful type of player eventually began to emerge. Secondly, the introduction of the so-called licensed (near fully professional) footballers, plus the engagement of dedicated and now also professional coaches, has played its vital role in the discovery, development and training of young talented performers now drawn to the game by higher rewards. Here it must be pointed out that most German clubs cannot depend on 18-19-year-old players for very long, because these youngsters are subject to compulsory military service of 14-18 months' duration!

Until a few years ago the German footballers were mainly amateurs who grew up, often since schoolboy age, with their clubs. These were—and indeed many are still today—multi-sports organisations catering, apart from soccer, also for athletics, swimming, basketball, handball, fencing, etc. In common with the other athletes, the German footballer simply had to train for a job or a skilled profession and he played soccer only as a hobby.

It is just in the last few years that soccer stars in Germany have reached the status of their counterparts in England or Italy. German internationals like Haller, Schnellinger, Brülls and others would not have left their homeland for Italy if professional soccer had been introduced here some seven or eight years ago.

Approach

But to my mind the evolution in German football goes much deeper. It must be chiefly credited to the country's administrators, managers, coaches and of course the players whose modern approach to the game has made their current successes possible. The displays of such supreme artists as Beckenbauer and Netzer, the unorthodox talents of Grabowski, Held or Kremers, or the composed skills of 20-year-olds like Hoeness, Breitner or Bonhof, not to mention the striking power of Gerd Müller . . . these have not happened by accident.

The Germans have at last departed from copying the English style of play, based mainly on speed, stamina and physical application. They learned that strength in the tackle and the ability to run non-stop for 90 minutes are today simply not enough to win major trophies. Like Ajax Amsterdam, for instance, the Germans have now successfully blended their own traditional physical qualities with individual technique and superb teamwork based on clever tactical deployment.

Here full praise must be heaped on manager Helmut Schön who was not afraid to experiment even with very young players and who has found the right mixture of creative artists with a supporting cast of solid workmen. Schön has clearly out-thought and out-manoevred his adversaries beginning with England and Sir Alf Ramsey. Just how far out of touch with reality were his English counterparts became evident in the quarter-final at Wembley.

Bemused

Schön picked six trained forwards—while all England, including their team and their boss were expecting the Germans to concentrate on defence! "I was surprised at the way they came at us,"—said a somewhat bemused Ramsey after the 1-3 defeat.

In the March issue of WORLD SOCCER I warned not to expect the Germans to play like Bayern Munich did at Liverpool in a Cup Winners Cup tie. I emphasised the midfield superiority of Netzer and Wimmer and reminded of Beckenbauer's stature as a modern sweeper. I also rammed home the lethal menace of Gerd Müller. The Germans now boast a formidable squad with a strength-in-depth which is unrivalled by any other country. When one considers that such experienced men as Vogts, Fichtel, Weber, Schnellinger, Overath, Libuda, Held, Löhr and Grabowski were not needed to play in the European final . . .

Nothing illustrates the superb confidence of the Germans better than the fact that even before going to Belgium they released their most experienced forward Sigi Held, so that he could help his Regional League club Kickers Offenbach in their battles for promotion to the Bundesliga . . .

PHILIP EVANS PROFILES THE ITALIAN CHAMPIONS

Juventus deserved victory

JUVENTUS did what they ought to have done, and won the Italian League. They did so with some gusto, overcame moments of trouble with a quiet fortitude and cannot be grudged their victory. If Milan were deprived of the services of Prati for half the season, Juventus were without their brilliant young striker Bettega for the whole of the second half of the tournament. They managed to patch the gap caused by his absence, came through a rough period close to Easter and always played with an engaging freshness that was conspicuously lacking in some of the other leading sides.

They had some luck. Bettega played just the 14 games, scoring therein ten good goals, but he apart Juventus were usually able to field a settled team. Five players turned out in all 30 league matches, another brace in all but one. And they discovered the knack of sharing the goal-scoring load, with players such as Capello, Causio and Haller running into scoring positions from midfield.

The only thorough disappointment was the poor form of Carmignani, the goalkeeper purchased last summer from Varese. Much had been expected from him, and with Zoff and Albertosi no longer young even in goalkeeping terms, there was talk of his taking over the role of goalkeeper in the national team. In the event he disappointed badly, and Juventus were fortunate that their young reserve, Piloni, looked after himself ably in the last handful of matches.

Replacement

What must never be forgotten in all this is the contribution of Armando Picchi. He it was who pulled these players together two years ago, who settled from the outset on a policy that was dictated by the desire to find long-term success. The Italian game is so volatile in every sense that only a moron would place large money behind prophesy, but there is a smell to this Juventus side that suggests the opinion that they will be there or thereabouts for several years to come. Not yet a brilliant side, but close to being a very good one. The art will lie in the skilful replacement of the Salvadores and the Hallers, but the essential bones to the skeleton look firm.

Here's a roster of the players, with age and the number of games played this season.

Pietro CARMIGNANI (27 years old, 25 games played). A disappointment? Perhaps, but he was often capable of the spectacular and lacked only the consistency that one should come to expect of any goalkeeper playing for a team of this calibre. Given that, Juventus were still in the lead when he was dropped from the side in favour of Massimo PILONI (23, 5) who could be someone to watch for the future.

Luciano SPINOSI (22, 30, 1 goal): I'm a great admirer of this player who is always cool, always reads the game well. He lacks the inches to make a classic centre-half, which may yet prove to be his best position, but always there is the full effort, the desire to win in style.

Gian Pietro MARCHETTI (23, 29, 1 goal): A great success this season, with the ability to make penetrating runs down his wing, and the determination to seal out the opposition. He must surely become Italy's left-back before long, and once there may prove hard to dislodge.

Giuseppe FURINO (25, 27, 2 goals): A player of great character, who makes up in guts what he lacks in regard to classic style. Time and again he dovetailed most effectively with the other, more gifted, midfield players.

Francesco MORINI (27, 30): An absolutely superlative season from a player of moderate gifts, who stuck to opposing centre-forwards like a limpet, and allowed even the most prestigious of their number little room for manoeuvre.

Sandro SALVADORE (32, 30, 1 goal): A triumphant season for him among so many youngsters, always organising the defence impeccably, positioning himself brilliantly. On form arguably the most effective sweeper seen in Italy last year. His fourth championship medal.

Franco CAUSIO (23, 30, 6 goals): A player of great skill and flair, he underwent a sticky patch in mid-season certainly, irritated by the fact that he is neither attacking fish nor midfield fowl. As with Sandro Mazzola, he became a talking-point, a centre for polemical studies, but in any position he must surely make a name for himself in the next few years outside the context of the Italian league.

Helmut HALLER (32, 23, 5 goals): Brilliant and banal in turn, he found his real form just when it was needed, and disagreements with the management were soon forgotten. On his day he can still be one of the most skilful players in the Italian league, full of inventiveness and daring ideas.

Pietro ANASTASI (24, 30, 11 goals): After the miseries of last season, it was good to see him back in form, for he is capable of the most spectacular goals, always takes his chances well and really accepted the burden of Bettega's absence with authority and elan.

Fabio CAPELLO (26, 28, 9 goals): a player of great style, a superlative passer of a ball, who also found the way to goal and accepted defensive duties with a responsibility seldom seen in Italian midfield players. His form was remarkably consistent, always high.

Roberto BETTEGA (21, 14, 10 goals): the statistics tell the tale and but for his absence in the second half of the season Juventus must surely have won the title in a canter. One can only hope that he recovers completely from the chest infection that has kept him out of the game, for Juventus will undoubtedly again point their play in his direction. He brought forth comparisons with John Charles, and in Italy Charles is still a well-remembered deity.

Antonello CUCCUREDDU (22, 10, no goals): It says something for this team that the player played in only a handful of games. Two years ago I thought he was a most exciting discovery and bad form and lack of fitness in the past two seasons have done nothing to dilute the feeling. He'll come good again and possibly force his way into the Italian team. Certainly he did everything that could have been expected of him this season for Juventus.

What of the European Cup? The transfer market may tell. If Juventus were lucky overall with injuries, then that points the lesson. You need good reserves, and Juventus have few. But given the comparatives, their play gave a lot of pleasure to many people during the season, and all those who have seen the team grow up together over the past two years cannot doubt that the best is yet to come.

The manager Cestmir Vycpalek has continued the policies laid down by Picchi, who proved a wise counsellor; and in the background is Boniperti, who doesn't have to play on all the goodwill he has acquired in the game to make his presence felt. He understands players and their problems, and Juventus' success has had much to owe to his good sense and understanding.

ERIC BATTY - a personal view of

WHERE DO E GO FROM HER

AFTER an inglorious European Championship performance there comes a new season with the qualifying matches for the 1974 World Cup and a chance for England to start anew. The question is what have we learned from the performances of recent months—and I include the 1-1 draw the Swiss rightly earned at Wembley? In my opinion the recent disasters have been coming a long time, simply because England have relied far too much on strength, stamina and tough tackling in midfield where, as every good judge will tell you, the real class and skill of any side is determined.

All the players, from goalkeeper to outside left, have a part to play in constructive football, but it is in midfield that the skill and creative qualities are needed most. It is here that games are won and lost for if the quality of the service going forward to the front players is not up to standard then the attack has no chance to really get going. This basically is why I am against including midfield players like Ball, Storey and Hunter. Ball works hard (a commendable quality) but he lacks class; while Storey and Hunter are out and out defensive players. They can give easy passes, but they cannot supply the sudden thrust from midfield ending with the telling ball that destroys the opposing defence!

Pathetic football

As we have seen from Beckenbauer's recent performances for West Germany, even the "libero" or free-back can go forward and create havoc . . . if he has the class. It matters not what number is on a player's back but simply whether he has the qualities required. Bobby Moore in his younger days used to make similar excursions upfield, though never possessing the flair that this man Beckenbauer has. From his position deep behind the defence, the libero *can* come forward at any time of his own choosing and, totally unmarked take up any position he wishes in midfield to transform 4-3-3 into 3-4-3.

Numbers really mean very little unless they are strictly adhered to when the result is pathetic football. Systems are a guide only, not necessarily to be followed regardless of everything else. The England full backs, of course, do go forward but unfortunately their forays almost invariably end with a high cross into a crowded penalty area . . . fight balls.

Defensive methods

The Italians, World Cup finalists in 1970 have also been thrown into disarray by their recent reverses but their position is far worse than England's. They are victims of the defensive methods that have dominated the Italian game for more than a decade and if English football is now more defensive than it used to be, at least it is more flexible in that when in possession almost every team is prepared to go forward. Rarely do we find an English club playing anything like as defensively as the Italians do universally. So the answers should be easier to find for England.

Clearly we now have to rebuild but in which direction should we go? Before going too deeply into this let me first explain how, in my opinion, the present situation developed.

As regular readers of WORLD SOCCER will recall, I was the only English football writer to be critical of England's success in the 1966 World Cup. For their own different reasons everyone else was apparently delighted but it was that team—its success, and the belief that the formula was right—that led in the end to the recent reverses and the dilemma that we now face.

Having been alone in my criticism of England back in the autumn of 1966, I was more than pleased to read . . . after the West Germany v. England match . . . in one of the big English daily newspapers:" In those days of blissful ignorance (1966), England were thought to be a little dull but still one of the world's most accomplished teams. Now we know them to be not only unattractive but ineffectual."

Ultimate downfall

Other reports of the two clashes with West Germany used words like negative, nasty, even dirty . . . words that I used about England in 1966. It is not my intention to attempt to prove that I was right after all, though it is nice to be joined be a few other voices, even if they are six years late. But it was from the success of 1966 that our ultimate downfall came. Ever since then, even when England were eliminated in the Mexico World Cup; even when we were humbled by little Switzerland at Wembley and forced to struggle against the Greeks everyone was quick to make excuses.

Now at last it must be clear to all that England must start again but we should have no illusions about the difficulties that lie ahead. It will not by any means be easy. Neither will it be quick.

Biggest failure

Many of the present England squad have been over the hill for some time and others particularly among the younger contingent have never been international class players. Hurst and Peters, for example, were persisted with long after their performances for club and country had made it plain that they had lost their appetite for the game. They were no longer the great players they had been.

But the biggest failure was that of not finding a successor for Bobby Charlton for particularly when playing to a 4-4-2 formation (which I am totally against) a player like Charlton, essentially an attacking player, capable of making and taking goals himself is invaluable. England's 4-4-2 of 1966 included Charlton who, like Rivelino for Brazil in 1970 was a half forward. That can never by any stretch of the imagination be said of players like Storey and Hunter!

England obviously cannot pursue the kind of football produced by Brazil for we just don't breed that kind of player. What we can do is to follow the example of the West Germans who have taken what is basically our own European style of play and, by fielding exclusively skilful and talented players, have managed to produce a kind of game that is a blend between the Brazilian and the European. It is a combination that in my view is unbeatable and anything the Germans can do, should not be beyond England!

But to achieve this we desperately need players and here it is the clubs that must come to England's aid by producing them in large

wof the European Championship

ENGLAND

RE?

Now it must be clear to all that England must start again but we should have no illusions about the difficulties that lie ahead

quantities. While England have been apparently successful with their 4-3-3 determined, hard-working brand of football the majority of the English First Division clubs have favoured a similar style of play. Thus most clubs field only one midfield player who falls into the skill/ability category while the other two are essentially workers. With quite a few of this small band being Scots, Irishmen etc. this limits the choice for England and this is one of the areas where the English game is weakest and WHERE IT COUNTS MOST AT INTERNATIONAL LEVEL.

One of the outstanding exceptions to this general pattern is West Ham's Bryan Robson who played last season in midfield. Previously a striker he revelled in the all round game in midfield, broke forward at every opportunity; worked as hard as anyone . . . and scored quite a few goals. Having seen him quite often, I am convinced that he is the natural successor to Bobby Charlton, he was made for the role, but he has apparently, never even been thought of!

Pure technique

At his best, Francis Lee is another natural choice for England though Martin Chivers has never convinced me. If Hurst did the job once, he hasn't done it for a long time and Chivers is so inconsistent as well as being lacking somewhat in terms of pure technique.

One other front player who only recently came to the forefront is Mike Summerbee. A former centre forward turned right winger he COULD BE another Jairzinho for although now accustomed to playing on the right he still has the instincts of a goalscoring centre forward. His style of play needs to be changed only slightly to make him a real success: like Jairzinho he must not play ON THE RIGHT WING, but play from the wing. If the game builds up in the centre or on the left Summerbee must slip inside a little, then timing his runs just right he could get himself into a great many scoring positions. Perhaps as an old centre forward this is what his instincts tell him to do but it may be his orders at club and international level are to stay out wide.

Skilful deputies

The task of rebuilding the England XI will not be easy for no matter where one looks there are several important positions that cannot be filled immediately. Defensively there are few problems. Banks and Moore are still close to their immaculate best and seem likely to remain so until 1974 but this is the time to blood capable deputies for both. Now, before it is necessary. McFarlane is adequate, while Cooper at his best and fit again is one of the more skilful full backs around. Right back and skilful deputies for everyone are the defensive priorities though there is no immediate problem in this department. Again, however, it is up to the clubs to produce skilful defenders, rather than players who can defend effectively.

In midfield Colin Bell has never quite reproduced his club form for England but I personally have such belief in this player that I couldn't imagine leaving him out now. Keep Bell and given time

Colin Bell scores for England against Wales.

it must come. It would help him I believe if his midfield colleagues were more skilful for to a player like him the company he is in is most important. Alongside him I would play Robson and someone else who will come to the fore next season, but whatever happens, never again must Storey and Hunter be used in midfield. They are destroyers of football, effective though they may be, but destroyers just the same.

Reserve team

Up front I would take Summerbee and Lee, and again wait to see what the new season brings before deciding on a third front player. The onus is on the clubs to produce enterprising football and good players. Without that England can never again climb to the highest peaks. I have no doubt that the players already exist, languishing in someone's reserve team because their manager is afraid to put them in the first team because they are too small or too slight.

Talent, however, is more important than physical qualities (though they are important) but it is surprising how quickly some young players can improve. Breitner and Hoeness of West Germany are the living proof and no one will ever convince me that we do not have such youngsters in England. All we need is the courage and the conviction to give them their opportunity.

BUT, never again must England field a 4-4-2 formation and from now on the emphasis must be placed firmly on playing football rather than destroying it.

Let's take a look back

PERSONAL OPINION

JULY gives us an opportunity to take a short breather and jot down a few notes on the margin of the past season. As I get older, I find myself looking forward to the forthcoming campaign with less and less eager anticipation. It is not that I am becoming blase, but there is such a vast amount of football these days, that one becomes satiated — there is too much supply and a diminishing demand.

This massive, indiscriminate piling up of fixtures and competitions is responsible for most of the ills of the game, and a speedy streamlining operation is a must. (The thought of an extra competition played for the benefit of Pools Promoters by the clubs in the lower divisions is simply terrifying, and it is typical of the League that they actually encourage such a yawn-provoking venture).

Once again, I blame the referees for the deterioration of football morals. They started off well enough, but the iron fists turned to putty and by the middle of the campaign we were back at square one. The fact that a booking wasn't worth the paper it was written on didn't help either and the performances of the various Disciplinary Committees were not far short of scandalous.

Invasion

Referees didn't do much better in the international arena either. Ortiz de Mendibil should have warned the crowd at Barcelona after the first pitch invasion that he would abandon the match if the Scottish hordes didn't control themselves. He should have done so later, not merely carry on and then blow up for full time even before the 90 minutes were up.

These hooligans, stoned out of their minds, bent on destruction and disruption who use football as an excuse for exercising their animal instincts, should be banned from every ground in Europe. The UEFA had to teach them and people of similar intent who "support" other clubs, a lesson but could only get at them through Rangers — hence the two years ban.

Marshall of Austria was also wrong in continuing with the European Championship Final, when the playing pitch was surrounded by thousands of flag-waving, belligerent Germans. These refs. have strict instructions from the governing body to stop a game at the slightest sign of crowd trouble, but they haven't got the courage to follow the directive.

I have never seen a man run faster than Gunther Netzer did when the final whistle sounded. He wanted to escape the suffocating admiration of his fans. Mullery was in similar danger at Tottenham when abandoned by his team-mates, and he ran a lone lap of honour with the UEFA Cup.

Urban guerilla warfare—a popular form of terrorism — is endangering the game, and the constant threat of outside interference hangs over every big occasion. It is the solemn duty of all clubs to erect fences, employ enough policemen and generally make the grounds safer for the officials and players.

England's draw at Berlin and shabby victory at Hampden could have harmful consequences. Ramsey might be convinced that by using both Storey and Hunter in front of a solid back-four line is the solution. But such retrograde thinking could only lead to further humiliations, and England will be forever condemned for their questionable, not to say ruthless, style of football.

Medical

The fuss created by the reluctance of Hudson and Todd to go on a pointless Eastern safari was grossly exaggerated. Countless players have turned down the opportunity to play for their country in recent years. The Welsh, Irish and Scottish team managers are pleasantly surprised when anyone agrees to turn up and Ramsey's office could be papered with phoney medical certificates sent by co-operative club doctors.

Before the last World Cup, Gordon West refused to join the England party and Paul Madeley also preferred his home comforts to Mexican cooking. None of these gentlemen had ever been banned, suspended, hanged or quartered — so why pick on Hudson, who missed a club tour of Barbados merely to stand by for a tournament in which he wasn't used.

LESLIE VERNON

Best is a different kettle of Irish stew. The terrible "tensions and pressures" didn't stop him arranging a couple of holidays, posing for publicity pictures and fixing up a lucrative deal with a Sunday paper for a story concocted on the spur of the moment.

Nevertheless, the same pressures (poor boy!) prevented him or any of his "business associates" phoning Terry Neill and Frank O'Farrell to tell them that George wouldn't be coming. There might be a good excuse for opting out, but there is no excuse for bad manners. Best and several other players suffer from the illusion of grandeur — in other words, they believe their own publicity.

This is dangerous in real showbiz, but it's absolutely fatal in football which is only a fringe activity. We could all do with less of the tinsel glamour and razzamatazz. Hands up those who want to see Gordon Banks with a rose in his mouth, Radford and Kennedy dressed as cowboys, and Dave Webb contemplating his navel.

'Godfather'

I suppose the Clan will also be in evidence early next season, although Godfather Allison should concentrate on winning the title with City. By now, it is obvious who the No. 1 non-member was but I blame Manchester City for the treatment given to Joe Mercer. By reducing his salary, they have shown a mean streak, unworthy of their tradition.

A club which spends £200,000 on a player partly to avoid paying income tax, surely doesn't have to economise in such a petty way.

On the playing field, there was much to applaud. Ajax are one of the great teams of the post-war era, and West Germany showed a remarkable brand of adventurous attacking football. Beckenbauer gave the word "libero" a different meaning, and we were proved wrong in saying that such a brilliant player shouldn't be wasted in a defensive role.

Franz, although unnecessarily cocky and casual at times, is the most constructive defender I have ever seen, and has demonstrated what total-football is all about.

The commercial potential of the game in this country is still not fully realised and exploited. Big firms are only too willing to sponsor competitions or individual clubs. As long as they do not interfere with the game itself, I can't see anything wrong in adding an extra name to the Football League Cup or any of the other existing competitions. This way, the small clubs can be made solvent without any additional fixtures.

The Dutch scene.....by JOHN SPARROW

AJAX AND FEYENOORD GO FOR JAN

THE transfer season hit Holland with a bang. Lawyers have been scurrying here, there and everywhere sorting out the legal issues on a flood of wrangles.

Pride of place went to the unsavoury saga of Jan Mulder's acquisition by Ajax for around £160,000. The Anderlecht striker had been Amsterdam bound for some time when talks reached a temporary halt over the size of the transfer fee. Determined not to be knocked down, the Belgians sent an intermediary to Feyenoord — interested in Mulder for more than a year — to see if interest would match the price on the player's head. And then matters got out of hand.

To Feyenoord the approach seemed the answer to their prayers. Desperate for a striker of Mulder's calibre they agreed to pay on the spot—and allegedly were more or less told by Anderlecht boss, Vanderstock, they could count on Mulder.

Meanwhile, down the road, Ajax — unaware of these goings on — decided Mulder was worth the money and informed the Belgians so at final talks fixed before Feyenoord's involvement. Ajax president Jaap van Praag, convinced he had bought Mulder, waited for telephone confirmation the same night. But it never came. Anderlecht, it seems, were in a tizz. Had they counted on Ajax not coming forward with the money?

Jan Mulder.

Transaction

According to Jan Mulder himself, Vanderstock had the fright of his life when van Praag announced Ajax would buy. "He was in a panic," the player said later. "After the first meeting with Ajax he told me Feyenoord were interested if the Amsterdam transaction did not go through. I told him I would rather play for Ajax but if there was no agreement I wouldn't mind going to Feyenoord."

But this time van Praag was furious. "This is no way of doing business," he raged. "It was agreed we would wait until the second meeting before any decision was made. We agreed the price then, so we want business done."

Mulder opted for Ajax and eventually signed a five-year contract. Yet for a player moving to the club he longed for, the 27-year-old from Groningen was strangely sad. "How can I be happy about it all," he said. "I'm sick and tired of the whole unpleasant business."

Feyenoord were sick of it too but not tired enough to let the affair lie. Having failed to sign Mulder—"They offered me a staggering wage when I told them I was going to Ajax," he said — they sought legal advice. A telegram subsequently arrived at the offices of the Koninklijke Nederlandse Voetbalbond in The Hague protesting at the transfer. Feyenoord had reached complete agreement with Anderlecht before the sale to Ajax, it claimed. The deal was therefore illegal and the club did not expect the KNVB to let it go through. Feyenoord still had all the rights.

Now the KNVB have asked the Belgian FA to investigate the case. General secretary Henk Burgwal commented: "I'm sure Ajax and Feyenoord were correct in their dealings. But I've asked the Belgians to see if they can find any foul play the Anderlecht end."

Anxious

The Mulder affair has not been the only thorn in Feyenoord's flesh. Theo Laseroms, the 32-year-old defender, threatened to take the club to court if they didn't lower the asking price for him — a little more than £11,000. Laseroms and other players anxious to leave Rotterdam, claimed Feyenoord were preventing their departure by pricing them out of the market. As Laseroms was almost on his way to the courtroom the club capitulated and downed the price to a nominal £350. Laseroms signed for two years for Belgian first division La Gantoise of Ghent.

With Laseroms to Belgium have gone two other Feyenoord players who kicked at their transfer prices, Hans Posthumus to Racing Mechelen and a second forward, Mathias Maiwald, to St. Truiden. And Joop van Daele dropped plans of a legal action over his tag when he signed for Hannover.

But Willem van Hanegem, Feyenoord's fiery midfield man, is staying. After numerous rows a move seemed certain. Olympique Marseilles of France met the price and announced on TV that a three-year contract was as good as signed. Then overnight van Hanegem changed his mind, signed for a further year in Rotterdam and beamed broadly as manager Guus Brox spoke of a new understanding between player and club.

After new wage negotiations all the Ajax players with expired contracts have re-signed, with the exception of Wim Suurbier who was still talking at the time of writing. Back to Holland too has come ex-Ajax man Ruud Suurendonk whose excursion to FC Monaco ended with his being fired. He joins the rejuvenated AZ'67 of Alkmaar, back in the Premier Division after a year's absence by finishing second to Haarlem in the First Division.

AZ'67 were near to bankruptcy earlier this year, surviving only through a takeover by an electrical goods firm ("World Soccer", March). With a tremendous run which brought back the crowds, they outstripped close contenders for promotion over the final stretch. (Relegated from the Premier Division were Vitesse and Volendam.)

Cliftonville decide to go professional

by COLIN McALPIN

CLIFTONVILLE'S decision to turn professional must be viewed as a courageous one. The oldest club in Ireland, they were formed in 1879, they were one of the last bastions of the amateur code left in the senior British game. Yet, in a way, the switch was forced on them in the end and in spite of a growing feeling among Irish Football Association chiefs that a general return to amateurism might help the ailing game in the Province.

Veteran club administrator Andy Smyth, he's been at Solitude since 1919, probably summed it up with the comment: "We have acted as a supply depot for other Irish League clubs far too long. It was time to change. We will no longer be deprived of key players by the lure of professionalism."

Professional

For an amateur club operating in a semi-professional world this was always the major problem. They found it easy enough to attract promising young players, but once they began to show clear signs of developing further one of the professional clubs would step forward and whisk them away. And Cliftonville never stood in a player's way if they felt he could better himself.

The switch will not, of course, make any radical difference to the Reds this season. It will, as manager Kevin McGarry knows only too well, take time. And they are not going to rush out and snap up every available professional just for the hell of it.

Outlook

Says McGarry: "Let's face it, the man who signs as our first professional will have to be something special. After all, he'll be making history and a lot will be expected of him. I want a professional's professional who can direct the traffic. Though we have been playing against professional teams we always had an amateur outlook. This will have to change, but that sort of change takes time. I know the sort of man I'm in need of . . . it only remains for him to become available."

Curiously enough, the thought of being paid for playing hasn't exactly been greeted with a cheer of delight by the existing Cliftonville staff. To a man they made it clear that they were not too fussed about getting a weekly wage packet. It underlines, of course, the remarkable spirit the Reds have always fostered.

On the field their exploits over the years have not been up to much—they were the whipping boys of everybody, lucky to win even a handful of games in a season—yet they remained through it all the happiest of clubs.

The problems remain, of course. Like all clubs in Northern Ireland they find it a struggle to survive. They managed as an amateur side which didn't have to find money for the playing staff . . . how they manage when the professionals start arriving is anybody's guess.

But it is to the future they now look. They now have an even chance of signing the professionals who come on the open market. And, more important, they have a chance now of retaining their better amateurs, or at least of picking up some money if they are transferred.

Derry City have turned back the clock in an effort to pick up future glory. They have appointed Willie Ross as manager to replace Doug Wood, now in the League of Ireland with Athlone Town . . . and under the Ross administration in the mid-sixties City had some of their greatest moments.

Committee

Ross, club manager until Jimmy Hill arrived in 1968, was recently the general manager. Now he will be assisted by trainer Danny Watson and a committee of three directors. And Watson is another link with those golden days.

It was in 1965 that City, having beaten Glentoran in the Irish Cup final, lost to Rumanian side Steaua in the Cup Winners' Cup. The next season they were back in Europe as Irish League champions and qualified for the first round proper by beating F. K. Lyn of Norway, after being 5-3 down from the game in Oslo.

There then followed the infamous row over the suitability of Brandywell Road for European competition and eventually City withdrew after losing 9-0 to Anderlecht of Belgium. City were fined and banned, and in between carried on a major row with the I.F.A. which almost ended in their withdrawal from the local game.

One thing though, nobody need bother about Brandywell in the future: the Bogside ground hasn't been used by City for months because of the troubles and they are trying to get a new ground. They will continue to share the Showgrounds with Coleraine.

Linfield, the second of three clubs managerless (the third is Glentoran), sorted out the problem by appointing former centre-half Sammy Hatton. Hatton, with the Blues for 11 years, had been in charge of the third string at Windsor Park.

Sponsorship

Linfield will continue to look for a big name signing from across the Channel but until one does decide that Northern Ireland isn't the edge of the Universe, Sammy will continue.

An added bonus has been promised to the winners of the exciting new £4,000 Carlsberg Lager Cup (the pre-season knock-out tournament). Eddie Simpson, the man behind this latest sponsorship for the local game, has promised that the winners will be taken to Denmark for a friendly possibly against the Danish First Division champions. And the local club needn't worry about the cost of such a trip . . . somehow, says Eddie, it will all be taken care of.

Eddie, a former manager of Distillery and now boss of a local advertising company who look after the Carlsberg account, also has an interesting idea up his sleeve. He hopes to get Carlsberg to sponsor a competition on their native Denmark with the winners meeting on a home-and-away basis.

Tournaments

With no local representation in the European tournaments because of the civil unrest there's a row brewing over who should get the Texaco Cup places. Glentoran (who should have been competing in the European Cup) and Coleraine (in the Cup Winners' Cup) reckon they have prior claim above Linfield and Ards on the grounds that they had to withdraw from the big time through no fault of their own and deserve the chance of some compensation.

Though with cross-Channel clubs as unwilling to travel to Ulster as Continentals I hardly think it matters. Aside from the possibility of Texaco paying some form of compensation for not competing.

Gregory Tesser talks to STEVE PERRYMAN

Experience is essential

TOTTENHAM'S Steve Perryman has said many times in the past that European education is both essential and vital. And for a player of just 20, he has certainly had his fair share of European soccer experience.

Obviously Tottenham's victory in last season's UEFA Cup Final must undoubtedly have helped his all-round progression towards accepting strange and often controversial decisions which often exist abroad.

However, the England Under-23 tour of Eastern Europe was without question what made Steve a midfield player of international class.

I asked Steve about the tour in general: "Well one emphatic win and two draws away from home against countries of the calibre of East Germany, Poland and Russia surely speaks for itself."

How did the unfortunate incident in the Soviet Union affect Steve and the rest of the lads?

"Obviously at the time it was both disconcerting and upsetting," Perryman told me. "But if you travel abroad with an England side, or for a club outfit for that matter, you have got to expect the occasional mix-up. And I think we proved in our game against Russia that we were not too distracted by the incidents which preceded our match."

I was interested to know from Steve what he personally thought was England's best performance in depth during the tour:

"I suppose as far as goals are concerned it had to be our 3-0 win over Poland. But I think we played our best soccer against East Germany.

"The East Germans possess an extremely powerful Under-23 squad, and I felt we did very well to draw 2-2 with them."

Perryman, of course, had just finished a long hard season with his club Spurs. Did he therefore find it difficult to adapt himself to three testing matches away from home under Sir Alf Ramsey?

"Not really. After all playing for your country at any level is an honour, and with the guidance and help that Sir Alf gave us I found that I was always in control both mentally and physically."

I asked Perryman if he thought there were any ulterior motives behind the behaviour of the Russian Football Association just prior to the big match: "I don't honestly think so. Obviously we were all slightly annoyed about the affair, but essentially I think it was just one of those unfortunate mishaps which so often occur when a club side or international squad travels abroad, whether it be to the Soviet Union or anywhere else!"

A great many respected pundits rated Steve as one of the shining lights of the tour. How well in fact did he think he played in each of the three games?

"Frankly that is the sort of question I don't really like to answer because I have always maintained that football at any level is basically a team game.

"In my opinion there were many outstanding players. Of course I was quite happy with my own game, but revelling in newspaper glory is simply not my scene at all.

"As I have just said, the tour was a real team effort, and a tremendous amount of credit must go to Sir Alf Ramsey who made all of us feel at ease, especially as several of us had never played under his wing before."

Steve Perryman's reaction to the Russian incident is typical of the man. In other words he has learnt even at the tender age of 20 to accept all the internal politics of big time international soccer, which must augur well for his future.

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WORLD SOCCER DIARY

TOSTAO NOT AT HIS BEST

PICTURED right is Tostao, the Brazilian centre-forward, receiving treatment during the Independence Cup tournament recently staged in his own country. Tostao, it would seem, is not the player he was in the national side since the departure of Pele although he is now completely fit and over the eye troubles that affected him prior to the Mexico World Cup finals. Roger Macdonald who, with Hans Henningsen covered the Independence Cup matches for WORLD SOCCER, was disappointed with the form not only of Tostao but of Brazil as a whole. Yet it is amazing how this country manages to rise to a superb peak around World Cup time.

BILBAO and the surrounding area is the most English of the Spanish environment. Some parts look like Newquay, others like Eastbourne and Cornwall. Many English people have settled in what is a pro-British atmosphere. Even the rainfall rivals Manchester.

All this provides a curious background to the Ronnie Allen story and a postscript to his term of office as manager of Atletico Bilbao. With everything going for him, Allen just did not hit it off with the locals.

Bilbao had their moments of success on the field but the continued irritation of Allen's refusal to allow the press to run things for him was too much even for the pro-English Basques.

Allen was last seen heading in the direction of Portugal and Benfica where it seems at least that Jimmy Hagan a fellow countryman has been able to establish a more stable relationship with a country which is factually England's oldest ally.

Recruits

Foreign players appearing in Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and West Germany are a familiar part of the various scenes in those countries.

But in recent years the French have been attracting more and more players from abroad. And this close season should bring the number of recruits to the Foreign Legion to its highest figure yet.

Already earmarked for First Division clubs next season are three Yugoslavs, two Hungarians, two Germans, an Argentinian, one Dutchman and a Moroccan. Likely to be signed before the beginning of the new season are four more Argentinians, two Uruguayans, two Yugoslavs, another Dutchman and a Rumanian.

Leading captures at present are Dick Van Dijk from Ajax to Nice; Reinhard Libuda from Schalke 04 to Strasbourg and Kazzem Slimani from Settat (Morocco) to Paris F.C.

Thus the Common Market of football spreads itself further around the European community.

Squad

If the Mini-World Cup—sorry the Independence Cup—in Brazil proved one fact it is that the Uruguayans are as far away from scoring goals as ever they have been.

With a largely experimental side stripped of most of the famous names from the 1970 series like Mazurkiewicz, Matosas, Cubilla and Mujica, they managed one solitary goal in their group games.

The squad itself was not drawn almost exclusively from the Penarol and Nacional clubs as in the past but featured players from Huracan, Sud America, Liverpool, Danubio, Defensor, River and Bella Vista, too. In fact less than half the party came from Nacional and Penarol.

But it all added up to a complete lack of scoring power, despite the slashing of the average age of the side to 23. Perhaps they are too young to know where to put the ball; but it is also more than probable that if they got any older they still won't know either.

The South African Soccer Federation, which advocates multi-racial football in the Republic, is to attempt to replace the Football Association of South Africa as the recognised national body for the sport. Mr. Norman Middleton, President of the Federation, said in Johannesburg that an application had been submitted to FIFA to accept the Federation as the controlling body for soccer in South Africa. The Football Association is currently under suspension by FIFA for not implementing multi-racial soccer, and Mr. Middleton said that if the FIFA Congress in Paris next month accepts the application "FASA will automatically be expelled, as no country is allowed two representing bodies."

There will be no shortage of European soccer in Madrid next season. Following Real Madrid's triumph in the Spanish championship, Atletico Madrid beat Valencia 2-1 in the final of the Spanish Cup. Ignacio Salcedo opened the scoring for Madrid in the 31st minute but Oscar-Ruben Caldez equalised fiv before a cap the Santiag 61st minute clinched vict

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sident of UEFA has the popular press for not th to discourage indisci- soccer crowds, and says nancial inducements con- olence on the field. Herr derkehr, the 67-year-old dent, referred to crowd n an interview with the n daily *Sport Echo* and wadays everyone was on for sensation.

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We would point out that since making some comments about crowd behaviour, published on these pages, UEFA President Gustav Wiederkehr died suddenly. A full obituary will appear next month.

Money-laden

GLASGOW Rangers hope to be back on the money-laden European soccer circuit next year after the decision of the Appeals Board of UEFA to reduce their ban from two years to one. UEFA'S Disciplinary Committee banned Rangers from European competition for two years because of unruly behaviour by their fans in the Cup Winners Cup Final against Moscow Dynamo in Barcelona when Rangers won 3-2.

A UEFA communique said that the ban period has been halved because exclusion from European competition for one year was already a severe penalty and Rangers would not be able to defend the Cup Winners Cup. After hearing their decision, reached at a 35-minute hearing by the three-man board, Rangers manager Willie Waddell said he was particularly glad for his older players, who would have given up hope of playing in Europe again if the ban had remained at two years.

"Rangers have to accept some responsibility," Waddell said, "But this is a victory. This is judgement tempered by common sense. It was worth fighting for.

The board consisted of Dr. Sergio Zorzi of Switzerland, Mr. Danayl Nikolov of Bulgaria and Mr. Gunnar Eriksson of Sweden.

We apologise for jumping the gun last month and reporting that Frank Worthington had been transferred to Liverpool. In fact the deal fell through after Worthington had failed to pass a medical. High blood pressure was the cause.

The 80,000-seat Munich stadium which will not only be the centre-piece of the forthcoming Olympic Games but also the venue for the 1974 World Cup Final.

WORLD SOCCER DIARY

MILITANT REFEREES

ENGLISH referees are in a militant mood . . . and WORLD SOCCER welcomes their declared policy to clamp down hard on those players who contravene the Laws of the game. Norman Burtenshaw, President of the Football League's Referees' and Linesmen's Association, said:

"We are not going to start where we left off, but where we began last year. We know that the campaign begun last August had lost some of its momentum by the end of the season.

"This was to be expected, but we've determined to start the new season like last year and, this is the most important thing, everyone should know where they stand."

The biggest grouse last season was the manner in which the League's hard-line tactics were introduced. Players, with some justification, complained that they should have been made aware of what was expected. There can be no such complaint this time. And one must hope that the referees, backed by the new points-system of disciplinary action, will continually clamp down on any wrongdoings.

The game was considerably better with a lot of the hacking eliminated but dubious tackling crept back during the latter half of the 1971-72 season and was particularly evident in some of the Home International Championship matches.

Brian Birch, who has been so successful as coach of Turkish champions Galatasary, is rejoining the club. Brian had hoped for an appointment in England, and applied for a job with Coventry, but has now decided to go back to Turkey.

WALES CONSIDER THEIR POSITION

by ERIC THORNTON

WALES may surprise even their best friends and appoint a full-time manager for their international teams of the future. The idea has been quietly sounded out among the folk who matter at high levels, and I understand there has been considerable and favourable response from the majority, though nothing is cut and dried.

It is going to be thoroughly discussed at the next quarterly gathering of the Top Brass in their comfortable registered offices in the Denbighshire market town of Wrexham, and there is a chance that it could be given the green light.

If that becomes fact later this year, it will mean that the present International Selection Committee, which is chaired by Mr. Arthur Barritt, former secretary-manager of Blackburn Rovers and Wrexham director, will be out of work.

Sporting

There is no doubt at all that many soccer fans in all parts of that sporting country, are being gradually converted to the suggestion, and a number of diehards who were against changing the system of match appointments, are now dropping down on the right side of the fence.

They have been probably won over, of course, since reviewing the unfortunate happenings of last winter, when the Home championship performances were so depressingly dismal that the team finished ignominiously clutching the wooden spoon.

There is still, however, a certain coterie of Conservative thought which remains opposed to this type of progress, and very definitely against increasing the list of permanent officials, and it might, perhaps, muster sufficient strength to liquidate the rebels.

The Welsh FA, after all's said and done, is not nearly so wealthy as its English and Scottish counterparts, nor does it enjoy similar annual incomes from which it would be possible to promote expensive plans.

Support

Some factions have been canvassing the employment of a top class team boss for several years without gaining much support until recently, when the prospect of World Cup games against both England and Poland has focussed the scheme in stronger light.

Actually, few were worried over the position until a few months ago, and with good reason, too. For the outlook had seemed particularly bright, and the immediate past also provided sufficiency for optimism.

It must be remembered that Wales had been frightening the life out of her rivals. During the 1969-70 season, for instance, England were fortunate to share two goals with her at Cardiff. Then, after Ireland had beaten at the Ninian Park venue, Scotland were tamed on their own Hampden Park pitch, and mighty glad to get away with a solitary point.

So Wales, England and Scotland finally shared the championship, and, when the gallant red dragons finished up breathing down England's necks in a tight finish on the summit at the end of the next campaign, everything seemed set fair for even bigger things last season.

But the best laid schemes . . . and what have you. Nothing went right. Nothing. There were annoying and frustrating difficulties obtaining the necessary players. Injuries kept others out of line-ups on vital occasions. And some ran out of form.

Those who have been urging the Principality to follow the lead set by England and Scotland, and have their own man in the hot seat, and available all the time, began mounting the old soap boxes.

Unfortunately, and certainly in my view, they have done so without paying due attention to the fact that one of the biggest problems Wales have to face annually is the great injustice of player-release. The men needed for a particular job are not always available.

If it was only a question of managerial appointment with long-term contract, there is no doubt in my mind that the Council would have a ready-made candidate in the likeable and efficient Dave Bowen, presently full-time boss of Northampton Town, always assuming that he would be prepared to leave the huntin' and fishin' country.

But even if the former Arsenal idol operated all the time from Wrexham, Wales would still have to go cap in hand and down on her bended knees to English League clubs for the release of wanted stars.

Rodney Marsh beats John Roberts during last season's Wales-England encounter.

How many teams should compete in the final stages of the World Cup? Eric Batty provides his opinion

24-TEAM FORMAT WOULD BE MOST SUITABLE

FOR many years now it has been clear that what we still term the "under-developed soccer countries" holding a majority of votes at FIFA there would come a time when the old school, largely Europe and South America would have to take a back seat. Through good sense and statesmanship within the World ruling body this confrontation has not yet taken place and with luck and good judgement perhaps it never will.

One of the biggest problems concerns the representation of these "new" teams in the World Cup and the Olympic Games final stages. Naturally enough they would all like to participate and so far the line taken has been to allocate one place each (in World Cups) to Africa and Asia respectively. No one can deny that those who have taken part—North Korea in 1966 and Morocco and Israel in 1970 did better than most people expected . . . particularly the former.

Potential

Clearly the time is not far off when the standards of play will have risen to a level where, if not potential winners, then at least, many countries in Africa and Asia will be good enough to hold their own. This might well happen within the next few years and already there is talk of a 24 nation World Cup competition for 1978 when the series is due to be staged in Argentina. In 1982 Spain is the venue at the moment and there is no reason now to think that these arrangements will be changed, although at one time there was considerable doubt about the advisability of playing a World Cup in Argentina where the fans are perhaps the most troublesome of all.

Gold-mine

However, as we have seen from recent events in Europe, no one has much grounds for complaint on this score right now. The real problems about a 24 team competition are time and money. The competition in recent years has proved a gold-mine, almost entirely due to television fees, and there is no reason to think this will not continue. But it would take at least a month, possibly more, and many countries just could not cope.

Suitable grounds and heavy centres of population that would bring in good crowds are just as necessary as television, and there is no easy way out—like staging a one match elimination series to cut the last-stagers to 12. When the World Cup was first started, the early competitions were played on a knock-out basis and teams travelled half way across the world to take part, only to find that after one game they had been eliminated. So the system of playing groups with the top one or two qualifying must stay—and with 24 teams that will take more time.

Thirty-two teams are too many—although it's a far more convenient number for a competition of this kind, but 16 is quite definitely not enough now. With growing pressure from Africa and Asia, FIFA has already had to compromise for the 1974 series by including South American and European teams in ONE qualifying group. This process is ridiculous and cannot go on —hence the pressure for 24 finalists.

There are several ways in which the apparently unweildy number of 24 can be incorporated into a workable system, but whatever else FIFA does they must resist the temptation, as I'm sure they will, to send many teams home after only one or two matches.

Qualifying

After some thought, the method I prefer is that last used in the 1954 series in Switzerland when the teams were divided into qualifying groups and two teams in each group were "seeded" . . . they did not play against each other. Seeding—naming the teams that seem to be the strongest in each group of four teams would leave everyone with two qualifying and the top two from each group would pass on into the next stage . . . 12 teams in all.

Leaving the main theme for a moment, a consolation Cup could be introduced and the two teams from each group could play a third game—against each other to decide who takes part in this new competition. That way everyone would get at least three games making the travelling worthwhile and not lengthening the competition too much.

The 12 qualifiers would be divided into two new groups as was done in the 1950 series in Brazil where they had one final pool. This, of course, would be two semi-final pools of six clubs who would each play against everyone else and add a further five matches to those who survived the first stage. Then at last the top team from each group would play the final . . . for the World Cup, while the runners up from each group would play-off for third and fourth places.

This would mean that the finalists and runners up would each play eight games instead of the 6 matches they played in 1966 and 1970, adding perhaps one more week to the competition.

Representation

Certainly it is feasible. It could work and there is no doubt that something must be done. More and more the emerging countries are pressing for greater representation in the final stages and if they will not accept the principle of qualifying against European and South American teams—as it seems they will not—then a 24 team competition is the only possible compromise.

EUROPE'S TOP MANAGER

"The most consistently successful national boss"

FOR West Germany's national manager, Helmut Schön, June 18, 1972, will forever remain a day to remember with pride. On that glorious Sunday, his brilliant side—a new "Wunder team" as some observers are already calling it—won their first major trophy in his eight-year reign as this country's soccer "supremo". A runners-up spot in the 1966 World Cup, plus a third place in the last world series in 1970, in Mexico, have ranked as his best achievements so far. But the crowning as champions of Europe, especially now, barely two years before the next World Cup is staged in their own country, has given the Germans a tremendous psychological boost and has at the same time elevated Schön to the position of the best and certainly the most consistently successful national manager in Europe.

When Germany's previous chief, the legendary Sepp Herberger (now 75!)—who led them to the World Cup victory in 1954—decided to retire, after 28 years in office, there was never any question as to his successor. Herberger himself had suggested the man who had been his assistant for eight years: Helmut Schön. He was familiar with the work, ideas and approach, but also with the players.

Herberger chose the right moment to depart. It was June 1964, exactly half-way between World Cup tournaments, so that Schön was entrusted with the task of preparing a team to qualify for the 1966 finals in England. The time factor may have been right, but for the new boss the aura and prestige of his immensely popular and eminently successful predecessor must have amounted to that proverbial millstone round the neck.

The great Uwe Seeler, who played in many internationals under Helmut Schön.

Herberger's teams had always reached the World Cup final series and, had Schön failed at his first attempt, he might have been discredited in the eyes of the more critical observers. But he succeeded, by taking his side into the Final (lost on a disputed goal), whilst a fine third place in Mexico has confirmed his qualities.

Helmut Schön was born on September 15, 1915. He spent his playing career with the Dresdener SC, with whom he won championship and cup winners' medals. What is not generally known here (in England) is that Schön as an inside-forward has gained 16 caps for Germany, between 1937 and 1941, scoring 17 goals for the national side, including four goals in one match against Poland in his native city of Dresden! There was no professional football in this country then, and so Schön had to train for an occupation. He learned banking business and was also employed as an industrial foreign correspondent. He has a conversational knowledge of French and English. As a soccer coach he was engaged by Wiesbaden and the Saarland F.A., before joining the DFB as Herberger's assistant in 1956.

Outlook

Schön has followed Herberger's footsteps in the manner of a good administrator, but he has not tried to imitate the great master. "Copies are never as good as the original product," says Schön himself. He never wanted to be anybody's replica and in any case the differences in the purely human outlook were too great. This is particularly evident in relations with the Press. Herberger anticipated difficult questions, he rode the trickiest problems and usually countered with aggressive replies. He also understood how to evade issues by cracking a few jokes, when it didn't suit him to give a direct answer.

Schön, on the other hand, is rather sensitive and he reacts to troublesome questions with pointed disapproval. But Schön is a totally different character away from pressures of managing his football team. This son of an art dealer from Dresden, reveals himself in private as a charming and cultured man who

Profile on HELMUT SCHÖN

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

can discuss a range of subjects well outside of sport.

In his active career before the war, Schön belonged to the élite of technically highly accomplished players. He was a disciple of the famous Central European school of football, which placed ball-control and artistry above speed and physical engagement. This explains why as a coach he favours individually gifted players, irrespective of age, and places great emphasis on skill and technique, although his training routine does not differ very much from that employed by most league coaches.

Methods

But in the field of tactics, Schön has acquired a reputation for being cautious and shunning any risks. The loudest criticism of his methods was usually voiced after meagre wins over opponents considered "easy", like Cyprus, Albania or Morocco, when the *Bundestrainer*—as he is called here (it means Federal manager, since West Germany is a Federation of States)—was accused of playing "safe".

But recent events have largely helped to erase at least part of this image. By selecting creative, unorthodox players and allowing them to freely express themselves (see Beckenbauer, Netzer or even Müller) Schön has introduced an almost new concept to international football. He deserves credit for refusing to be bogged down by straight-jacket methods and a soulless pursuit of regimented plans and he has thus brought a new dimension not only to the German game but to the world as a whole.

Candidates

On one score he could never be faulted: That of a conscientious preparation. As he says in his book, *Immer am Ball* (Always on the Ball): "One must prepare scrupulously and convince the players that the right selection has been made. The candidates for the team should also be quite willing to accept their duties inwardly. I believe that herein lies one of the principal responsibilities of a manager. The team must be convinced that the boss is right, to such an extent that each player should feel that he himself would have made the same plans and decisions."

Regarding systems or methods, Herr Schön has his own clear-cut and sensible theories: "Any playing systems are only useful if they fit the players available and if they can be turned into practice on the playing field. It is pointless to indulge in special plans or methods, no matter how clever or cunning, if the necessary players are not at one's disposal."

Helmut Schon, Europe's top manager.

The *Bundestrainer* is also known for his wonderful approach to younger players whom he treats with fatherly benevolence. This emanates from his own spell as a junior player and later, when he found a regular place in the first team of Dresdener SC, and was nursed along by the older hands, especially the legendary goalgetter Richard Hoffmann. Not least too, through his work with the DFB, as coach to the national youth side, before becoming chief of the senior squad. Schön's attitude to youngsters: "A young player must be carefully nursed, and one should allow him one, two or even three poor games, as long as one is convinced of his talent."

Justified

Schön's faith in youth was amply justified in that crucial quarter-final against England at Wembley. The German chief wanted to field as many experienced men as he could muster, in order to resist the expected English all-out offensive. But a string of injuries, plus the threatened disciplinary proceedings against players from Schalke, deprived his squad of such stalwarts as Vogts, Fichtel, Overath, Weber or Schnellinger. Schön's decision to plunge such international novices as the two 20-year-olds, Breitner and Hoeness, plus two defenders then going through a sticky patch like Höttges and Schwarzenbeck, into the cauldron of Wembley, was greeted in Germany with dismay.

Reshuffled

But the *Bundestrainer* had various other problems to contend with. The backbone of his reshuffled side was now formed by six men from Bayern Munich, who had just suffered three successive defeats in vital matches and were eliminated from two major cup competitions, the domestic DFB (FA) and the Cup Winners' Cup.

How he managed to lift the spirits of this bedraggled and demoralised group remains a fine testimony to Schön's understanding of the psychological treatment of his charges. By the time these six Bayern men ran on the Wembley pitch, they had left all their other problems behind. Lastly, there was that tug-of-war between the rival German sports equipment firms, Puma and Adidas, the latter being officially appointed to cater

● Continued on page 43

JOHN RICHARDS . . . a success on England's Under 23 tour

Story by BRIAN MARSHALL

RAPID RISE TO THE TOP

THE uncommunicative Sir Alf Ramsey certainly had his problems during May and early June when the England side were made to look very average and later on several players dropped out of the England Under-23 party.

But it is in these kind of situations that the springboard for future success is being built. Experiments are tried and players given a chance to prove themselves. Some fail to adjust to the international scene, while others, more by chance, come in at the eleventh hour and grab the honours.

This is certainly the case with young John Richards, who 12 months ago, was only a promising player in Wolves' reserve side. Then came a short tour to Sweden, where he impressed manager Bill McGarry. Later he was drafted into the Football League side when Scottish international Hugh Curran was injured.

He immediately made a big impact in the months that followed. So much so that Curran was unable to regain a regular first-team place. At the end of the season Richards had matured into such a fine player that McGarry was prepared to release Curran to Huddersfield Town.

Potential

This deal fell through following a medical examination and the future of the much-travelled Scot must be a big question mark.

Richards, however, appears to have the soccer world at his feet. One game which stamped him as a player of rich potential and really transformed him was against Derby County. He rammed home both goals in a 2-1 win to give Roy McFarland one of his most difficult games of the season.

It was this kind of form which began to attract Sir Alf to the Wolves' games. He saw a quick, brave player who obviously has a fine future ahead of him in the years to come.

Capped

There is little doubt that Wolves' improvement last season, when they often produced some good football, was due to the spearhead play of young Richards.

So Richards, who over the past 12 months has travelled half way around the world playing soccer, capped a fine season when he was called up to play for England's Under-23 team.

The youngster from Warrington, who while at school used to follow the goal-scoring exploits of Jimmy Greaves, is honest enough to admit that even when he was called up by Sir Alf he did not fancy his chances of playing in any of the games.

But fate has been kind to John Richards in his soccer career. Even at school his late choice selection for Lancashire Schoolboys against England Public Schools enabled him to catch the spotlight when, as a stopgap striker, he scored all six goals in a 6-0 win. Later he was to earn two schoolboy international caps.

The situation was very similar on tour. He scored in the first game against East Germany and this put him in an admirable light with Sir Alf.

He says: "Generally, the tour went very well for me. It has given me a lot of confidence and this is something many people have said I have lacked in the past."

Plaster

It was against East Germany that he broke his hand. He had to have the hand in plaster for a short spell, but this was later removed and the hand strapped up to enable him to play against Poland.

Richards says: "I was determined to play, although the night before I was forced, for the first time in my life, to take some sleeping pills because I was in such pain with my hand.

"But I told Sir Alf I was all right and he allowed me to play. We then went on to Russia to complete a tour which I will always remember."

John Richards is a relatively inexperienced First Division player but he made such progress with Wolverhampton Wanderers last season that he made the England Under 23 squad at the end of his first season.

Due to the circumstances surrounding the England team, Richards was called up to operate different tactics to those employed at Molineux. He says: "My role in the three games was to operate behind the two front runners—and that is how I used to play at school. I enjoyed the experience and I think it helped my play during these games."

Spearhead

Back at Molineux, under the control of taskmaster Bill McGarry, he will quickly revert to his former role because with Derek Dougan alongside he is obviously more dangerous as a spearhead.

There is, however, little doubt that Richards, if he maintains his present progress, will be a candidate for the World Cup team because he has proved in the past that he is the type of player who can snap up any opportunity.

And in the death-or-glory atmosphere of the World Cup this type of player is invaluable.

It is little wonder that Sir Alf Ramsey, who gives nothing away, could be excused a small smile as he enthuses over the rich promise of John Richards—his star of the future.

South American Round-up by ERIC WEIL

Pools rule the day as Argentina continue...

ALTHOUGH it had at first been decided to suspend the league championship in Argentina while the national team was participating in Brazil's "Little World Cup", the Government put pressure on the F.A. not to interrupt the programme. What does the Government have to do with it, you may well ask.

The answer is football pools. They have been bringing in such a good weekly revenue for the Government which didn't want the flow of money to stop.

This is tough on the South American winners, Independiente. After spending the early part of the season near the foot of the table (and out of the top 12 who qualify for the national championship) while they concentrated more on winning the South American trophy, they are now faced with another month of playing without five of their internationals.

Erratic

Their depleted team did remarkably well, however, as they started off by taking a point off leaders San Lorenzo and then beat F.C. Oeste 1-0. Yet the absence of goalkeeper Santoro, Lopez, Raimondo, Semenewicz and Pastoriza will be felt at vital moments and they have a fight on their hands to enter the "National".

San Lorenzo are setting a cracking pace at the top of the table and are now four points ahead, while closest challengers, Newell's Old Boys of Rosario, tend to be more erratic.

San Lorenzo take their chances—which is more than other teams do—and they have a good organiser in Telch. They have run up some big scores with a dangerous attack, but often take a long time to start clicking and sometimes don't click at all.

River Plate have moved up the table since the departure of coach "Didi". A good explanation for this is that the players weren't really behind the Brazilian coach.

Brindisi (Huracan) and Mas (River Plate) are joint leading scorers with 13 goals after 19 games (there are 15 to go) and current standings are: **1. San Lorenzo 28pts; 2. Newell's Old Boys 24; 3. River Plate 23; 4. Velez Sarsfield, Racing Club, Chacarita Juniors, Colon de Santa Fe 22; 8. Huracan, Boca Juniors, Argentinos Juniors 20; 11. Estudiantes de La Plata 19; 12. Rosario Central, Independiente 17; 14. Gimnasia y Esgrima de La Plata, Atlanta 16; 16. F. C. Oeste 13; 17. Banfield 11; 18. Lanus 8.**

URUGUAY

With half the year gone, the Uruguayan league championship still hasn't started. First it was due to the participation of Nacional and Peñarol in the South American Championship (the "Libertadores" Cup) and then tours abroad. The league championship relies entirely on the two big clubs. Then it was Uruguay's participation in the "Little World Cup" in Brazil.

At press time no date has yet been set for the start of the league championship. Clubs are trying to arrange tours abroad to raise money to pay their players. The best Uruguayan players can hope for is to be sold to a foreign club, but they can hardly hope for a wage packet at home these days.

League standings in other countries:

Brazil—San Paulo League (at half-way stage when championship was suspended during "Little World Cup"): 1, Palmeiras, San Paulo, 19; 3, Santos, 15; 4, Corinthians, 13; 5, Ferroviaria, Guarani, 10; 7, Portuguesa, Ponte Preta, 9; 9, Juventus, San Bento, America, 8.

Chile (First Division): 1, Colo-Colo, 15; 2, Union Española, 14; 3, Magallanes, Universidad Catolica, La Serena, 13; 6, Concepción, 12; 7, Huachipato, Universidad de Chile, 11; 9, La Calera, Green Cross, San Felipe, Antofagasta, 10; 13, Naval, 9; 14, Lota Schwager, 7; 15, O'Higgins, 5; 16, Rangers, Wanderers, 4; 18, Everton, 3.

Colombia (Opening Championship): 1, Millionarios de Bogotá, 29; 2, Independiente-Santa Fe de Bogotá, Junior, 28; 4, Nacional Medellin, 27; 5, Dep. Cali, 23; 6, Tolima, 22; 7, Dep. Pereira, 21; 8, Cucuta, 19; 9, Dep. Quindio, Medellin, 18; 11, Union Magdalena, Bucaramanga, Once Caldas, 15.

Peru — Metropolitan Championship: 1, Sporting Cristal, 15; 2, Defensor Lima, 12; 3, Municipal, 11; 4, Universitario, 9; 5, Alianza Lima, Sport Boys, 7; 7, Defensor Arica, 6; 8, SIMA, 5.

Provincial Championship: 1, Tumán, 15; 2, Galvez, Torino de Talara, 14; 4, Melgar, Aurich de Chiclana, 11; 6, Grau, 6; 7, León de Huanuco, 5; 8, Carlos Manucci de Trujillo, 4.

Maglioni scores Independiente's first goal after six minutes, beating Ballesteros with a high shot, in the second leg of the South American Cup Final against Universitario of Peru.

Have the stars the right to feel the world owes them a living?

SAD CASE OF LAWTON

THE sad case of Tommy Lawton, unemployed for months with all the attendant consequences, gives new emphasis to the predicament of the athlete as victim. Not that I wish to take the rather mawkish attitude of certain columnists and commentators — not least a gentleman on the Twenty-four Hours programme—to Lawton. As one who immensely admired, respected and exulted in his playing career, I was naturally distressed by what happened to him, and, as I say, the final implications of it all are valid enough. At the same time, Lawton was something of a special instance. When he was up, one might politely put up, he was very definitely up, a commanding, even a disdainful, figure.

Of his marvellous talents as a centre-forward, his strength, his shooting, his glorious heading, his courage, his fine distribution of the ball, there can be no question. There have been few centre-forwards like him. He had, moreover, his disciples in the game, one of them being the present Leicester City manager, Jimmy Bloomfield, who still pays tribute to the help Lawton gave him when he was a young player at Brentford.

Nor can it be said that Lawton, like his first England captain, the altruistic Eddie Hapgood, was an unwordly figure. He saw his own interests sharply enough, but not was quite as shrewd as another distinguished contemporary in Sir Stanley Matthews. In management, he had his chances; more chances, indeed, than Hapgood, who now lives in sad retirement at Leamington Spa and, when down on his luck some 15 years ago, having been sacked by Bath City, was offered . . . £50 by his old, beloved club, Arsenal.

It should, however, in essence be irrelevant whether Lawton was or was not a good manager, whether he was or was not a knight *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, like Hapgood. Neither is it relevant to sneer, as the jealous traditionally do, that such stars have no right to feel the world owes them a living.

Comfort

Lawton, and any footballer of his greatness, *has* got the right to expect that when an all too sadly short career is over—and don't forget that the war ate up six years of it—he can exist at least in modest comfort. Today, thank God, the disgraceful maximum wage is a thing of the past, and there are real possibilities (no more than that, though) for footballers to put money aside, to open businesses, to guard against the future.

Lawton and Hapgood couldn't do that. Nor yet could another great England player of the period, Wilf Mannion of Middlesbrough, now reduced to working on building sites around the North East. True, some of the bygone stars may have been improvident; but who was there to advise them and help them to be provident, and how many of today's relatively wealthy young men have been taken to the cleaners by unscrupulous business partners?

Duration

The athlete's life is, in a sense, a brutal paradigm of any life; brutal because its duration is so much shorter, because age, relatively, supervenes so long before it would in any normal existence. A man like Lawton brought joy and drama into the lives of millions of people, at a time when heaven knows there wasn't much of it. His predecessor at centre-forward in the Everton team, Dixie Dean, was not substantially better off, condemned to a banal labouring job in Liverpool.

In a sense—and one says this with no callous intent—such men are figures of the past, to the extent that the position has changed, that the going of the maximum wage has given star players decent payment, and at least respectable prospects. I agree, though, with those who suggest the game which owed them so much should still look after them, and I suggest that money be set aside by the Football League and Football Association, far too much of whose profits in any case go in tax, for a fund, to help "deserving cases". What better use could be found for all those profits which the F.A. seem to have such exquisite difficulty in spending? Certainly it would be a far better, more humanly convincing, use for them than simply to distribute them to the League clubs.

Successful

Sic transit . . . I am reminded of how upset several of the old Arsenal players were at the last Cup Final banquet when Mr. Denis Hill-Wood, the club's Chairman, and son of a most successful Arsenal Chairman, made a speech saying that he felt the present Arsenal team as good and better than any of his father's, between the wars, and stressing that *those* teams never did the double.

I know there wasn't a grain of ill-intent, and indeed, when I politely dissented, afterwards, Mr. Hill-Wood admitted smilingly he might be wrong, but the barb went home in several distinguished cases. As Ted Drake, so formidable as Arsenal centre-forward, pointed out, the Arsenal of the 1930s had won the Championship three times in a row, five times in eight seasons, with the Cup thrown in for good measure in 1930 and 1936. Follow *that*!

Kindness

Players, and ex-players, however are not the only sufferers in this imperfect world of ours; or rather, ex-players in the shape of managers often victims. I felt the sacking of Bill Dodgin by Fulham particularly silly and cruel. It was done with the minimum of common kindness; by letter, rather than face to face, which was surely the very least that might be expected by a man who had played for Fulham, coached Fulham, managed Fulham, and whose father had managed Fulham, too.

Dodgin has long been a friend of mine, and I admire him greatly as a coach. The Fulham team he put together last season was, at full strength, a very good one, full of talent and promise, badly and sadly affected by injuries to star players in Moreline and Jimmy Conway in an otherwise triumphant win against Benfica.

There was, ironically enough, nothing much to choose between Fulham and the top of the table, though the South West London club were so busy

"... the athlete's life is, in a sense, a brutal paradigm of any life."

and desperate trying to escape relegation. In the closing weeks, Fulham in fact beat Millwall at Craven Cottage, quite deservedly, in a match which virtually scotched the Lions' chances of promotion. Later, under floodlights, I saw Fulham give Birmingham City a most embarrassing evening, and very nearly beat them.

When Bill Dodgin was Arsenal's centre-half, Jack Kelsey, that fine goalkeeper, who admired him very much, used to say that he was too nice for professional football. After what has happened to him now at Craven Cottage, there is something more to be said for such a view.

Abandon

Italy too, continues to defenestrate its managers with sustained abandon. Now, once again, it is Manlio Scopigno, at Cagliari; five years after he was sacked as a sequel to their American sojourn. Scopigno, nicknamed "The Philosopher", promptly signed a secret contract to stand by for Inter in case Helenio Herrera were dismissed.

"I'm just a tourist," I remember him telling me once, as he strolled at well-paid leisure through the Galleria Colonna, in Rome. Now the merry-go-round turns again to accommodate Edmondo Fabbri, himself sacked by Bologna during last season, to be compensated with . . . 90 million lire. By the time you read this, no doubt the admirable and likeable Scopigno will have found something else. I hope Bill Dodgin will, too.

SERGIO (Brazil and Sao Paulo).

Enver Marie of Velez Mostar.

Zeljeznicar champions in Yugoslavia

THE new Yugoslavian champions, leaders almost all the way, are Zeljeznicar the team of the Sarajevo Railway Workers, celebrating their 50th anniversary. Many people have been critical of their *modern* style of play—fast, aggressive and determined—preferring the more cultured, traditional Yugoslav style of Red Star but the latter have been plagued by injuries and occupy an honourable second place just two points from the winners.

In the last two rounds, Zeljeznicar beat Borac (Banjaluka) 3-1 and then beat Partizan (4-0) in Belgrade to underline their supremacy. Red Star, meanwhile, kept up the pressure with a 5-2 win over Hajduk the 1971 champions in which the recuperated Lazarevic hit three goals and then travelled to Sarajevo where they beat the town's established team 4-2.

Relegated

The feat of the last week, however, was the five goals hit by Dusko Bajevic of Velez Mostar in a 6-2 win over relegated Maribor. Top scorer two years ago, Bajevic is now on the wanted list of a whole string of clubs in Western Europe.

The FA have been more and more active recently, seeing the talent drain still in operation. The latest feeling is that a new over 30 rule will be introduced (and firmly adhered to) under pressure from national team boss Vujadin Boskov and senior FA officials.

Major trophy

Despite their failure to win a major trophy, Red Star pulled in a 65,000 crowd for their friendly match against a Rest of Europe XI that included Cruyff and Muhren from Ajax, Hungary's Albert and Gunter Netzer. Dragoslav Sekularac, back from his stint in Colombia and now 35 years old, turned out for Red Star and proved he still has another season or two in him.

The result was a 2-2 draw with Cruyff and Netzer scoring for the "Rest"; Petkovic and Acimovic for Red Star.

In the FA Cup, Hajduk accounted for Olimpija in the semi finals (the latter having elimated Red Star) while Dinamo Zagreb had to struggle for a 1-0 win over Vardar Skoplje. In the final in Belgrade Hajduk won the trophy 2-1.

CUP WIN FOR RAPID

FC Rapid atoned somewhat for their failings of recent seasons by winning the Austrian FA Cup though they had some anxious moments before the trophy became theirs. Against neighbours Wiener Sportklub in the final, Rapid President Joseph Draxler (President of WSK until last summer when he was "transferred") must have had mixed feelings.

Sportklub won the first leg 2-1 on their ground but at the Hutteldorfer Stadion Rapid trailed 0-1 at half time to end 2-1 up at 90 minutes with goals from Flogel and Lorenz.

In extra time Rapid hit what proved to be the winner—the German Bernd Lorenz again the scorer to win 4-3 on aggregate.

If the Cup was an all Vienna affair, the championship was largely dominated once more by provincial clubs. In the final stages VOEST Linz, Salzburg and the reigning champions FC Tirol (now Swarowski Innsbruck) took it in turn to lead with FK Austria the only established club in the hunt.

Rapid blotted their copy-book well and truly by going down 0-1 away to Grazer AK three games from home before losing 1-2 at home to Innsbruck. A few days later "Swarowski" probably clinched their claim when they beat FK Austria 2-0.

With FK Austria and VOEST Linz the closest challengers, Swarowski found themselves clear at the top when they beat Grazer AK 2-1 away, while their major rivals met in Linz. VOEST, who had the best chance, crashed at home 2-3 to FK Austria to leave the champions clear at the top.

On the last day, what had looked to be a decisive match between the major provincial rivals ended 1-1—VOEST failing to win at Innsbruck and it ended "Swarowski", FK Austria, VOEST in that order.

Thus, for the second year in succession, the title goes to Innsbruck despite the criticisms of last summer when SC Wacker Innsbruck "merged" with their neighbours Wattens SK after winning the title for the first time.

Now FC Tirl 'Swarowski" Innsbruck, they have been champions twice; runners up twice and Cup winners once since being promoted in 1964. Finally, this was vindication for coach Otto Baric who has taken a great deal of stick for his team selections this season.

BONNEVOIE WIN TWO-HORSE RACE

THE standards of play in Luxembourg, with so many players being attracted abroad, declined somewhat last season and the championship race developed into a two club affair between Rumelange and Aris Bonnevoie.

Aris finally took the title on the last day but, beaten five times in 22 league games, indicates that they are by no means an outstanding side.

Jeunesse Esch, who had a fine run a few years ago are still unable to capture and keep the players as they once did and had to be content with sharing third place —level on points with Red Boys.

With Nico Braun now a reserve player in West Germany, the scorers race became an Aris-Rumelange affair, too. Aris took the title by one point but centre forward Cardoni had to share the scorers title with Devillet (Aris) who each found the net 21 times.

Union Luxembourg, last season's champions had a poor season saving themselves from relegation only on the last day. Braun's goals last season made them a force but they also lost the services of several other players.

On the last day Progress Niedercorn and Alliance met in a relegation battle. Alliance won 1-0 but their only hope of escape was ruined when the news came that Union had beaten Tetange 4-0 and were safe.

Thus Progress and Alliance both go down—no doubt to bounce back up again next season.

In the FA Cup, the Red Boys of Differdange maintained their Cup fighting reputation, beating Aris in the final 4-3 and preventing their rivals who started favourites from completing a double.

This was Red Boys 13th FA Cup win but consolation for both clubs lies in the fact that European Competition is for both of them next term.

Meanwhile the foreigners—and in particular the Belgians will once more decimate the few good young players the season has thrown up.

Panathinaikos annex Greek title again

ANTON ANTONIADIS the leggy centre forward of Panathinaikos has impressed few people who have seen him play but whether one recognises his talent or not he continues to get goals. Most of them, it is true, are laid on a plate for him by his colleagues Domazos and Papadimitriou but the fact remains that he has been a key factor in his club's championship success.

Two games from home Panathinaikos accounted for Verya without any difficulty by six goals to nil with four in a row from Antoniadis. Then, with the championship a near certainty, there followed a three week break while the Army XI prepared for the CISM championships in Iraq.

Foreign born

Most clubs took advantage of the break to play friendly games and try out foreign players since the FA announced that next season each club will be allowed to import one foreign-born player.

This, in the opinion of Panathinaikos manager Ferenc Puskas, is an absolute necessity if Greek clubs are going to achieve any major success in European competition. One of the guests at this time was England captain Bobby Moore, on holiday at the invitation of the President of Olympiakos.

There was no question of Moore signing for the Greeks, though he did play in a friendly match against the touring Brazilians Sao Paulo FC (Olympiakos 0, Sao Paulo 2).

Three points

Finally the last games were played off with Panathinaikos winning their last game on the grassless pitch at Patras by 2-0 (again Antoniadis 2). PAOK (Salonika) beat Olympiakos 4-3 and Panathinaikos took the title by three points instead of one from Olympiakos with AEK third.

The Salonika clubs Aris and PAOK occupied the next places in the table leaving the small town teams to scramble for the more lowly places as expected.

Verya, Pierikos, Appollon and Olympiakos Nicosia were all relegated to make way for the Regional champions. Meanwhile Antoniadis scorer of 39 goals (second highest in Europe) hit nearly half his club's league goals 39 from 89!

Panathinaikos manager Ferenc Puskas.

COLIN JOSE on the American scene

Fixture problems resolved

AFTER a three-and-a-half-hour meeting at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, Canada, the United States and Mexico have finally resolved their fixture dispute involving preliminary round games in the 1974 World Cup competition.

Canada will open the series in Group One of the CONCACAF region with a game against the United States in St. John's, Newfoundland on August 20. Four days later the venue switches to Toronto where Canada will play the Mexicans, in what, in view of the tremendous growth in Canadian soccer in recent years, is undoubtedly the most important soccer game ever played in Canada.

On August 30, in either Chicago or San Francisco, the United States play host to Canada, and then on September 3 they entertain the Mexicans in Los Angeles. The Aztec Stadium in Mexico City will be the venue for Mexico's home games, with Canada on September 6 and the United States on September 10.

John Barnes, President of the Canadian Soccer Association, commenting on the unusual choice of St. John's, Newfoundland, as the site for an international soccer game said: "This game is being played there as an aid in the further development of the game in the Maritime Provinces. In recent years the Province of Newfoundland and Labrador has demonstrated that it is a go-ahead province as far as the game is concerned."

Selected

A sell-out crowd of around 7,000 people is expected for this game, with indications being that soccer is now the major summer sport in Newfoundland.

Canadian coach Frank Pike has already announced the names of 12 players who have been selected for the squad of 22 players to meet at Camp Borden, Ontario, on August 9 and they include five players with experience of England league soccer.

The players are Les Wilson (Bristol City), Glen Johnson (West Bromwich Albion), Bob Lenarduzzi (Reading), Bruce Twamley (Ipswich Town), Bobby Cram (Colchester United), Kevin Grant (Hamilton Legion 58), Sam Lenarduzzi (Vancouver Columbus), Bill Young (Pauls F.C. Vancouver), Brian Robinson (Victoria United), Buzz Parsons (Vancouver Eintract), Jim Douglas (St. Catherines Heidelburg) and Joe Shiraldi (Hamilton Italo-Canadians). Pike will announce the names of the other 10 players following trial games in Vancouver and Montreal.

Bobby Cram, who played for many years with West Bromwich Albion and recently captained Colchester United, is now a Canadian citizen living in Vancouver and serving as player-coach of the Vancouver Spartans.

The United States amateur international team will take part in the final rounds of the Olympic Soccer Tournament for the first time since the Melbourne Olympics of 1956, this summer in Munich. They qualified as one of the representatives from the CONCACAF region with a record of two wins, three draws and a loss in their six games in the final round.

To qualify they beat Guatemala and Jamaica and drew with Mexico twice and Jamaica. Their single loss was at the hands of Guatemala in Guatemala City.

Their team includes many players who are either currently at US colleges or have had experience of the game in the colleges, a significant factor for the growth of the game in the United States. Among the players with college experience are Shep Messing (Harvard) and Mike Ivanow (University of San Francisco) the team's goalkeepers, defenders Casey Bahr (US Naval Academy), Al Trost and Joe Hamm (St. Louis University), Horst Stemke (University of Wisconsin), Jim Zylker (San Jose State College), Hugo Salcedo (University of Southern California), and Neil Stam who played at Springfield College and is now teaching in the New York area.

Forwards Pat Seerey (St. Louis University), John Carenza (Southern Illinois University), Art Demling (Michigan State University), Manny Hernandez (San Jose State College) and two players from junior colleges, Archie Roboostoff (San Francisco) and Steve Gay (Westmount). Other members of the team are John Bocwinski, Walter Ziaja, Jack Blake, Mike Margulis, Jack Bell, Joe McGuigan and John Woolfe.

In the early weeks of the North American Soccer League season both the Northern and Southern Divisions have taken on a somewhat strange appearance with the two teams who finished on the bottom last year leading their respective divisions. Of particular importance is the success of the St. Louis Stars in the South because for them their Americanisation policy, begun some years ago, has finally started to pay off. Players like Pat McBride, Willy Roy, Steve Frank, Gary Rensing, Gene Geimer and Jim Leeker have all played major roles this year, while the team has also benefited from the experience of coach Casey Frankiewicz and English defenders John Sewell and Wilf Tranter.

In Montreal, coach Graham Adams has done a tremendous overnight rebuilding job, with the keys to his success being the two Tottenham Hotspur reserve players Graham Souness and Micheal Dillon. Dennis Walker from Cambridge United has strengthened the defence and formed a useful partnership with the experienced Italian defender Luigi Mascalaito from Verona, while West Ham players Keith Pointer, Ken Wallace and Clive Charles returning for their second year have again played consistently.

New York with a 2-1 win over the slumping Toronto Metros recently took over the Northern Division lead from Montreal for the first time this season, but only two points separate the teams. Rochester are also well in a close race being tied on 34 points with Montreal. Toronto, who recently acquired Paulo Barison the old Italian international, bring up the rear.

Dismissed

In the South both Dallas and Atlanta have failed to reproduce last season's form while the Miami Gatos despite a narrow 3-2 loss to Arsenal have made a dismal start to their career. The Miami players recently took up a petition asking that coach Sal de Rosa be dismissed but he beat them to the punch and quit before the Gatos management could take any action.

General Manager Norman Sutherland has taken over the coaching responsibilities until a new coach can be appointed and has placed two players, Billy Fraser from Scotland and Willy Fleming Ramirez from Peru in charge of the training. Fleming holds a FIFA coaching certificate. Miami recently acquired Arsenal player Dave Metchick who played with Atlanta last season.

SAMMY WANTS TO BE HIMSELF

Sammy McIlroy, pictured with his girl friend, after he had burst on to the League scene.

SAMMY McILROY talking to COLIN McALPIN

WHEN a country as small and bereft of genuine soccer talent as Northern Ireland sees in one of her sons the first gleam of greatness there is the understandable desire to hurry the process to the point where the young player is fully mature, fully experienced and firmly established as a star . . . and all before his natural time.

When Sammy McIlroy burst upon the scene last season for Manchester United he was hailed as the new George Best. He has, to be sure, the same ball-playing ability as his erstwhile countryman and the same finishing touches, but Sammy, a slight, long-haired 17-year-old, is the first to stress that he doesn't want to be like anybody else; he'd much prefer to be simply himself.

Short holiday

I spoke to Sammy shortly after the British Championship series—where he went on against Scotland at Hampden Park complete with red boots and to the hoots and whistles of the less-than-subtle Glasgow crowd—and immediately after he had arrived in his native Belfast for a short holiday (instead of joining his United colleagues on their tour of Israel . . . an action which was allowed to pass by his boss).

Sammy is clearly determined not to fall into the trap that made George opt out of—and then back into—football. For a start he's engaged to a pretty Manchester girl, Cynthia, and they have set their wedding date (so far it's secret) and he says: "It might have helped George if he'd been married."

Past difficulties

Of the Best incident he says: "He's a good lad, but he keeps himself to himself at training and so on. Nobody ever knows what he's thinking. But there has never been any resentment among the players about him and his past difficulties."

Though, like all modern young footballers, he will probably go into some form of outside business in the future, Sammy isn't interested in doing so just yet. For the moment football is his only concern.

Like Best, McIlroy is a discovery of Bob Bishop and in his two seasons at Old Trafford he has made remarkable progress. As yet he is not a permanent member of the first team though he's been around the fringes that this seems assured next season.

It had better be, for Sammy, determined to make good, feels that if he isn't in the First Division in the new season he could ask for a move. It's no threat, no ultimatum . . . simply an expression of his quiet ambition.

"Once you taste the glory of first-team football it becomes increasingly difficult to accept a lower standard with the same club. I hope to establish myself as a first-team player at Old Trafford this season and if I don't I would want to leave," says Sammy.

Two seasons ago he was playing schools football in Belfast. Now he's in the international panel and, obviously, he wants to build on such a foundation: "When I joined United at 15 I didn't have any plans about playing for the first team. I just worked hard and the rewards came. It's been a great season for me . . . I realised my ambition and played for the national side."

Last season he was playing for the youth team in the Youth Cup and: "Because I had played for the first team the fans expected so much more from me. And opponents went out of their way to kick me. All in all the pressure was on."

Biggest help

If, he argues, he had to spend another year in the reserves it would have a bad effect on his game and he would want away to try his luck afresh.

He has great praise for several of the seniors at United: "Pat Crerand has been the biggest help to me and when I got into the first team it was Bobby Charlton and George Best who helped."

He has learned one important lesson from his First Division runs: "For a time I had an ankle injury which should have kept me out of the team, but I was so anxious to play that I said I was fit. In the end it all caught up on me and I had to rest for a couple of weeks.

"I know now I was wrong because by playing when not fully fit I damaged my own game and that of the team. I'll be more honest in future."

So for Sammy McIlroy the future looks bright. He's a level-headed character, a man who knows where he's going. He wants to develop his own way . . . and from what we've seen it's not a bad way!

YUGOSLAVIA — WELL OF THO

OF all the European countries it is possible that only Yugoslavia can match the Brazilians in the numbers of players they produce. In recent years, as the lesser professional countries of Europe—Austria, France, Belgium, Holland etc. have made repeated raids on the stores of Yugoslav stars, it takes only months before a new crop appears. This was never more evident than in the period 1966-68 when players left the country in larger numbers than ever before with the established internationals in the vanguard.

With this drain on their resources it was not surprising that in the international arena they went through a lean spell in which the players left were quite open—they didn't want to play for the decimated national team and as individuals they were so imaginative with their excuses that at times the FA had to call on virtually anyone who was willing!

Remarkable feature

Yet Rajko Mitic, himself one of the old masters of the forties and fifties, was able to take over and in less than 18 months rejuvenate and rebuild the team so well that they reached the final of the 1968 Nations Cup and even then took the home country, Italy, to a replay.

In my personal experience the most remarkable feature of the old Yugoslav game was that, win or lose, I had never seen any Yugoslav team, club or country—and this includes the Youth squad—that was not brimful of talented players and exclusively based on skill.

In recent years, and in particular the last five years, this observation has had to be amended for as the Yugoslavs introduced their own brand of professionalism their game has become tainted. Perhaps not to the same degree as in the old-established professional countries, and the talented players continue to be produced, but it is a fact that their domestic game has become more negative, more physical—in a word: more professional.

Traditional skills

This change of emphasis from craft to results occurred almost overnight and almost certainly the championship success of FC Sarnjevo in 1966-67 made a major contribution. No doubt the movement away from the traditional skills was already under way, but it remains a fact that this club was the first Yugoslav team that I ever saw about which I could not make my earlier statement. They were typically professional, concerned only with getting results and the change, following the traditions of Stefan Bobek, Rajko Mitic, Vukas, Veselinovic and Kovacevic, emphasised my surprise.

Legendary player

No reference to the last 20 years of Yugoslav soccer would be complete without mentioning Dragoslav Sekularac who could, and perhaps should, have become a legendary player. There have been few players anywhere in the world endowed with more skill than "Sekki" but unfortunately his intelligence and, above all, his temperament, did not equal his ability.

If the character of the Yugoslav game is changing, the dominance of clubs in the capital Belgrade (Beograd) and Zagreb is also passing. The Belgrade clubs Red Star (Crvena Zvezda), Partizan and OFK together with Dinamo Zagreb were once as powerful as were Real Madrid and CF Barcelona in Spain. Year after year they dominated the championship

		P	W	D	L	Goals For.Agst	Pts
1946-47	Partizan	26	23	1	2	77.17	47
1947-48	Dinamo Zagreb	18	14	1	3	56.20	29
1948-49	Partizan	18	14	1	3	39.14	29
1950	Hajduk Split	18	10	8	0	28.13	28
1951	Red Star	22	17	1	4	50.21	35
1952	Hajduk Split	6	4	1	1	12.4	9
1952-53	Red Star	22	13	5	4	47.27	31
1953-54	Dinamo Zagreb	26	19	4	3	72.22	42
1954-55	Hajduk Split	26	16	6	4	69.27	38
1955-56	Red Star	26	16	8	2	62.29	40
1956-57	Red Star	26	17	5	4	66.23	39
1957-58	Dinamo Zagreb	26	15	7	4	53.33	37
1958-59	Red Star	22	14	3	5	50.19	31
1959-60	Red Star	22	15	3	4	47.25	33
1960-61	Partizan	22	15	2	5	53.23	32
1961-62	Partizan	22	13	5	4	42.22	31
1962-63	Partizan	26	16	8	2	58.22	40
1963-64	Red Star	26	14	8	4	45.22	36
1964-65	Partizan	28	19	5	4	62.34	43
1965-66	Vojvodina	30	17	9	4	53.28	43
1966-67	Sarajevo	30	18	6	6	51.29	42
1967-68	Red Star	30	16	11	3	64.30	43
1968-69	Red Star	34	18	12	4	75.30	48
1969-70	Red Star	34	20	6	8	67.37	46
1970-71	Hajduk Split	34	18	13	3	61.31	49
1971-72	Zeleznicar	34	21	9	4	55.20	51

Leading goalscorers

Velli (Dinamo Zagreb)	28
Velli (Dinamo Zagreb)	22
Matosic (Hajduk Split)	17
Valok (Partizan)	17
Tomasevic (Red Star)	16
Jocic (OFK Beograd)	13
Zivanovic (Red Star)	17
Bobek (Partizan)	21
Vukas (Hajduk Split)	20
Tomasevic (Spartak Subotica)	20
Markovic (OFK Beograd)	20
Mujic (Velez)	21
Veselinovic (Vojvodina)	21
Ognjanov (Spartak Subotica)	21
Veselinovic (Vojvodina)	28
Veselinovic (Vojvodina)	19
Kostic (Red Star)	25
Kostic (Red Star)	19
Veselinovic (Vojvodina)	16
Prlincevic (Radnicki Belgrade)	16
Jerkovic (Dinamo Zagreb)	16
Smailovic (Zeleznicar)	18
Ferhatovic (Sarajevo)	19
Dracic (Zagreb)	23
Nadoveza (Hajduk Split)	21
Hasanagic (Partizan)	18
Santrac (OFK Beograd)	22
Lazarevic (Red Star)	22
Santrac (OFK Beograd)	20
Bajevic (Velez)	20
Jankovic (Zeleznicar)	21
Santrac (OFK Beograd)	33

A —DEEP THOUGHT

POST-WAR SURVEY by ERIC BATTY

and it was rare—and took a very exceptional team—as were Hajduk Split with Bernard Vukas and Vladimir Beara when they took the title away from the big clubs in the early fifties.

Key forwards

Now with the new emphasis there has been a great levelling—downwards as always—and the increasing numbers of players sent off gives further evidence to support my personal view that within the game the influence has changed. However, Red Star, the team of Belgrade University, are still a power in the land, hit this season by injuries to key forwards. For the first time since 1967 they have failed to win one of the major honours this season, chasing Zeleznicar home in second place, two points behind, and eliminated from the FA Cup in the quarter-finals.

Red Star's old enemy, Partizan, have collapsed even more dramtically, for not since they lost most of their Soskic, Jusufi, Kovacevic team to foreign clubs after the 1966 European Cup Final have they really threatened anyone.

DRAGOSLAV SEKULAREC.

F.A. Cup Finals

Partizan	2	Nasa Krila	0
Red Star	3	Partizan	2
Red Star	3	Nasa Krila	2
Red Star	3	Dinamo Zagreb	0 *
Dinamo Zagreb	4	Vojvodina	0 **
Partizan	6	Red Star	0
OFK Beograd	2	Hajduk Split	0
Partizan	4	Red Star	1
OFK Beograd	2	Hajduk Split	0

No competition

Partizan	5	Radnicki (Belgrade)	3
Red Star	4	Velez	0
Red Star	3	Partizan	1
Dinamo Zagreb	3	Partizan	2
Vardar Skoplje	2	Varteks Varazdin	1
OFK Beograd	4	Spartak Subotica	1
Dinamo Zagreb	4	Hajduk Split	1
Red Star	3	Dinamo Zagreb	0
Dinamo Zagreb	2	Buducnost Titograd	1
OFK Beograd	6	Dinamo Zagreb	2
Hajduk Split	2	Sarajevo	1
Red Star	7	FK Bor	0
Dinamo Zagreb	3	Hajduk Split	0
Red Star	1	Olimpia Ljubljana	0 ***
Red Star	6	Sloboda Tuzla	0 **
Hajduk Split	2	Dinamo Zagreb	1

NOTES:
* After 1-1 draw
** Aggregate score in two-leg final
*** After 2-2 draw

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SUCCESSES:

Red Star	10
Partizan	6
Hajduk Split	6
Gradjanski Zagreb	5
OFK Beograd	5
Dinamo Zagreb	3
Jugoslavia (Belgrade)	2
Konkordia (Zagreb)	2
HASK Zagreb	1
Srbia	1
Vojvodina	1
Sarajevo	1
Zeleznicar	1

F.A. CUP VICTORIES:

Red Star	9
Dinamo Zagreb	5
Partizan	4
OFK Beograd	4
Hajduk Split	2
Vardar Skoplje	1

BASLE ANNEX SWISS TITLE

FC BASEL, the best organised, the most consistent and the outstandingly skilful team Switzerland has produced in recent years has deservedly won the League championship. Despite an unexpectedly heavy stumble at the penultimate hurdle — by 1-4 to Young Boys at Berne — the red-blues made no mistake in the final match of the campaign. As if pre-arranged, the fixture list threw up on the last day of the season, the meeting between the League leaders Basel versus Zürich, a clash of giants which drew a record crowd of 54,700 paying spectators to Basel's St. Jakob stadium. It was the largest attendance, including Cup finals, for a match between Swiss clubs in this country.

It beat the previous best gate of 53,440 registered at the Cup final, Zürich v. Servette in 1966. Higher attendances were noted for the international Switzerland v. West Germany (1968) with 55,061, and the European Cup semi-final Young Boys Berne v. Stade de Reims (1959) with 56,378, but the absolute record for a match in this country remains the figure of 64,000 at Berne, for the World Cup Final, West Germany v. Hungary in 1954.

Record attendance for last match of the season to decide championship

Encounter

Basel's 4-0 victory over Zürich was also sweet revenge for their Cup final defeat and this encounter produced another feast of good football to delight the fans and proving a worthy climax to the season. A win for Zürich, bringing the sides level on points, would have necessitated a play-off on a neutral ground, since goal difference decides here only the remaining placings, but not the title or relegation.

Basel's outstanding player was once again their captain Karl Odermatt, who scored twice — once from a penalty — and who also prepared the other two goals by Mundschin and Hitzfeld. Zürich were rarely in with a chance and though they tried hard to stem the tide it was Basel who dictated the pace and controlled the proceedings from start to finish.

But Zürich provided the most wonderful touch of sportsmanship at the end of the match, when the entire team lined up at the entrance to the tunnel leading to the players' dressing rooms and applauded their conquerors off the field!

That the League campaign reached such fever pitch, right up to the last day, was due to the splendid effort by Young Boys who a week earlier tripped up Basel and also ended the champions' magnificent record-breaking run of 34 League games without defeat. Previous best series was established by Servette who managed 31 successive matches without loss, spread over three seasons — with a reduced programme — namely 1938-39, 1939-40 and 1940-41. Basel's new record reads: P 34, W 26, D 8, goals 87-30.

Another record by Basel, that of remaining unbeaten at home in the League for four years (!) — in 52 matches — is unlikely to be broken for a long time. This was incidentally their fifth championship title; previous wins dating back to 1953, 1967, 1969 and 1970. The red-blues are also the country's most popular outfit. Their 13 home games attracted a total of 244,000 fans, for an average of 19,500 per match. Since 1962 Basel have provided more players for the national side than any other club, here.

Basel are, not surprisingly, Switzerland's richest club and are run on a solid economical basis. The management prefer to find and develop their own talent, mostly from the immediate vicinity of this, the second largest Swiss city. The club do not venture recklessly into the transfer market and even their three German players (Hitzfeld, plus reserves Laufenburger and Hauser) have come from just across the border. And every Basel player has an occupation or a skilled job to fall back upon when his playing career is over.

The architect of Basel's title triumph is their coach, the 37-year-old former German international Helmut Benthaus, who has been here for about six years, most of the time as player-manager. His brilliant tactical plan which involved a mid-field player (Hasler) occupying the left-back position to stop Zürich's most dangerous forward Jeandupeux, as well as the call-up of a reserve man (Stohler) only three hours before the kick-off ("so that he wouldn't have time to get nervous," explained Benthaus), with instructions to shadow Zürich's redoubtable "general" Kobi Kuhn, proved to be the masterstrokes which laid the foundations to that 4-0 victory in the decisive match.

Technique

Benthaus's great model is Ajax Amsterdam. He would like to create a side whose technique, tactical "know-how", plus individual application but above all team work could attain the standard of the current European champions. "This type of football is my ideal for the future and not the stereotyped English, or the now antiquated Italian soccer style," says Benthaus.

Of the others, Zürich have the consolation of having at least won the Cup, whilst Grasshoppers and Lausanne —who finished third and fourth respectively— will represent the country in the UEFA-Cup. Last year's champions Grasshoppers lacked consistency, while Lausanne now led by the former national manager Louis Maurer have had more than their fair share of internal problems.

Disciplined

They could however surprise everybody next season, especially now that they have parted, though only temporarily, with their temperamental captain Pierre Chapuisat. This brilliant but hot headed *libero* has been disciplined both by the club and the SFV (FA), but should "cool" off for a year in the ranks of the French club Paris St. Germain, to whom he has been loaned for a fee of £12,000. Of the "also-rans" Servette, whose best performance of the season was their 2-1 win over Liverpool in the first leg of a Cup-winners Cup-tie, flattered only to deceive and had to be content with eighth place. Relegated are Biel and Lucerne.

ARTHUR ROTMIL

Profile on Helmut Schön

● Continued from page 31

for the national side—especially with footwear—and the former on an exclusive contract with the Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach party, headed by Günter Netzer!

Schön brilliantly overcame all these handicaps. Of course, he's lucky to have such outstanding players to choose from. In particular, as he is able to base his formation on just two clubs. Of the 11 men who beat Russia in the European Final these six, Maier, Schwarzenbeck, Beckenbauer, Breitner, Hoeness and Müller are from Bayern Munich. The trio of Netzer, Wimmer and Heynckes belong to Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach, but even the remaining two, Höttges (now Werder Bremen) and Kremers (Schalke), were formerly with Gladbach! Kremers, in fact, played 25 club games alongside Netzer before moving first to Offenbach and then to Schalke, whilst Höttges left Borussia M.G. for Bremen in 1964.

It is also worth noting that the German internationals are not paid directly for representing their country! Only the clubs receive payment from the DFB and then pass on an agreed fee to the players.

Helmut Schon with the brilliant Gunther Netzer.

Another interesting point is that Schön never really wanted to become a soccer coach, at least not when he was an active player. "I wanted to be almost everything, except a football manager," he says, and adds: "I realised early how difficult and often unrewarding the job of a coach could be. How it depends on so many factors and circumstances over which even the best manager has little or no control."

Successes

Now, of course, he sees the job from a different perspective. He loves it and he takes it seriously — sometimes too seriously! But his current successes have proved him and his attitude to be right. His full record, since 1964, now reads: P 78, W 52, D 16, L 10; goals, 172-58.

Schön's great satisfaction was the 3-1 triumph at Wembley, for even the fabulous Herberger never managed to defeat England. Now, the last four games between these countries have brought three German victories, plus one draw! Schön was also pleased to have made those naive English journalists look foolish, who before the Wembley debacle insisted that the German man-for-man marking system was antiquated, that Beckenbauer was lazy, arrogant and lacked courage to fight for the ball, and that Netzer was a temperamental playboy who couldn't stomach hard tackling.

Quite apart from the euphoria which has since been poured over the Germans, perhaps it might be worth while to pinpoint one essential difference in attitude and approach to tactics, between the England and the German team bosses. You see . . . Ramsey, as a player, was a defender; whilst Schön was a striker.

CSKA TAKE TITLE

WITH very occasional lapses, CSKA the Bulgarian Army Club have stormed their way to another title and with an average performance can be expected to complete a Cup and League double. Chased all the way by their Sofia neighbours, Levski Spartak and Slavia, their rivals have often struggled for points while CSKA storm to free scoring victories.

Beaten only twice in 32 league games, CSKA gave Levski some hope when they went down to them 1-2 before the winter break and with a clash between the local rivals still to come at the end of the fixtures, as long as Levski stayed within two or three points, there was always some interest in the title race.

But Levski proved unable to score goals regularly enough and on the day that CSKA clinched their title claim — six points ahead with two games to play — Levski went down 1-0 to bottom of the table Gabrovo, put there recently by the FA who fined them points for an attempt to "fix" matches.

Gabrovo appeared to be booked for the drop when they were placed bottom but this seems to have acted as a stimulant. Since then they have also beaten Slavia Sofia, the third club in the championship race!

Just how heartbreaking it can be chasing a team like CSKA was illustrated when third-placed Slavia met them. This was the day when Levski went down to Gabrovo but with a fairly easy fixture and the derby in Sofia there seemed every chance that they could cut CSKA's lead of four clear points. CSKA made no mistake, however, scoring after only two minutes; 2-0 up in 11 and winners by 6-0.

Slavia, unhappily, were forced to field a young reserve goalkeeper and he had a hand in most of CSKA's goals.

The FA Cup has been dominated by Sofia clubs, just like the league. In the semi-finals it was an all Sofia affair: CSKA beat Lokomotive Sofia 1-0 while Slavia and Levski could only draw 1-1 after extra time.

Penalties then followed, and each scored all five. Finally Levski won a final place 10-9 on penalties. Now there will be two prestige chances for Levski to beat CSKA, one in the league and the other in the Cup Final, but the odds are on a CSKA double.

INDEPENDENCE CUP

HANS HENNINGSEN reports from

JOSE Pizutti, Argentina manager for more than three years, was dismissed after the match with Yugoslavia and two very well-known names have emerged as favourites to take the vacant post. Omar Sivori, a star in Italian football with Juventus for over ten years is one while Oswaldo Zubeldia, formerly in charge of Estudiantes, is the other front runner.

And according to some of the members of the Argentinian FA, the net result of their side's performances in the Independence Cup is that only Bargas, Bianchi, Brindisi and Mas will be retained in their squad for the forthcoming World Cup matches.

Meanwhile, Rudi Gutendorf, Chile's German born manager, has announced that he intends to use all the Chilean players who are now playing in different countries to help the team's bid for World Cup honours. These include Figueroa, Quintano, Prieto, Reynoso, Araya and Hodge, all of whom are now playing abroad. "With all these players", said Gutendorf, "we can eliminate Peru."

Bigger changes look certain in the Brazilian squad when it makes an eleven match tour of Europe and Africa next year. And included amongst those likely to get overlooked by manager Zagalo are such famous names as old stagers Brito, Vantuir, Gerson and Piazza.

Scotland's Tommy Docherty was very happy with his side's efforts in Brazil. He reckons that with the extra strength he can call on from players such as Lorimer, Connelly, Dalgleish and O'Hare, he can turn his squad into one of the best in the world. "We are going to be in the first four of the next World Cup," he predicted.

Marco Antonio and Rodrigues Neto in training with Zagalo holding the finishing flag.

● *continued from page 7*

W.S. The Scottish officials were at loggerheads with Tommy Docherty and the players at one stage—what was the truth about that?

R.M. The situation was that before the tournament started, Docherty agreed that if Scotland did not reach the finals, he and the whole party would return home on the Friday following the match with Brazil. However, that was before Scotland had done so well, drawing two matches and losing only 1-0 to the Brazilians. As a result morale in the party was sky-high, and most of the players wanted to stay on in Brazil for a few days holiday, and to see the final. I felt that it was less than generous, to use Docherty's own words, for the F.A. officials to dig their heels in and insist that everyone went back according to the original plan. But then I got the distinct impression that the officials had grave misgivings about going to Brazil in the first place.

W.S. Was Scotland's performance quite as good as the Scottish reporters suggested?

R.M. Yes it was; when you consider how many regular Scottish internationals cried off at the last moment for personal reasons, or because of pressure from their clubs, the Scotland party looked extremely threadbare. Yet they drew with Yugoslavia, and could easily have won—they missed a penalty four minutes from time when they were 2-1 up; and got another most creditable draw against Czechoslovakia, their World Cup opponents. Even Brazil found it extremely difficult to score a goal against them at Maracana, and with more than average luck, Scotland would have scored in the first half. Billy Bremner had an outstanding tournament, but it was the young players like Willie Donachie and Asa Hartford who impressed me most. Above all, the Partick Thistle full-back Alex Forsyth, who was playing in Second Division Scottish football 18 months ago, and there he was, strutting around Maracana as though he'd played international football for years.

W.S. Did any other players, outside Brazil and Scotland, impress you particularly?

R.M. I thought Yugoslavia had made a fine discovery in Becejac, their centre-forward, who's very strong with his head and not easy to shake off the ball; he must be a formidable opponent for any

E CUP TOURNAMENT

reports from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Scotland impress —Bremner superb

The Brazilian press elected the following team as the best of the Independence Cup: Ze Henrique (Portugal); Forsyth (Scotland), Humberto (Portugal), Bargas (Argentina), Marco Antonio or Adolfo (Portugal), Bremner (Scotland), Peres (Portugal), Dzajic (Yugoslavia), Jairzinho (Brazil), Bajevic (Yugoslavia), Tostao (Brazil).

FIFA President Sir Stanley Rous confirmed during the Cup matches that Argentina would stage the 1978 World Cup and that Colombia would receive very serious consideration for 1986.

The complete failure of the Argentinians meant disappointment for some of their players. Several of them, including Pastoriza and Mas, were negotiating with French clubs the possibility of playing in Europe but after the Cup matches some of the interested clubs decided to call off pending deals.

There is no doubt that Brazil were not at their best throughout the tournament yet in a way their success was well deserved for they at least were the most offensive side. It is doubtful at the moment though, whether Brazil could in fact defeat West Germany if the World Cup were just around the corner and in fact I would say that they couldn't.

Brazil's performances were not outstanding and they don't really know whether or not they can play better. They certainly miss someone with Pele's character for they are faced with the same old problem, they have many fine individual players but most of them can only operate on the left side of the field.

Pele was the equilibrium of the team, most things evolved around him and Brazil will need every match and opportunity to get things going without him.

Against Czechoslovakia, they had difficulty breaking the containing policies used by the Czechs and never were in real command of the game. The same happened against Scotland where surprisingly only the head of Jairzinho saved them. A draw would have been a fair result.

The Scots should have finished third. Their craft on the ball delighted and surprised everywhere they went, particularly Morgan, Graham, Bremner, Hartford and Forsyth were recognised by the Brazilian Press as their best players.

Problems

The Yugoslavs gave them an easier time and presented fewer problems. Yet, despite a 3-0 victory, Brazil still did not play up to their own high standards.

And so the Final where Portugal, as with the Scots, deserved a share of the spoils and again, amazingly, the head of Jairzinho clinched the game.

Brazil undoubtedly face a difficult time before Munich and must replace several of the old side. Gerson and Brito are two who must be replaced and as with Pele they may find it extremely trying finding someone to replace Gerson.

At the moment the side is nowhere near as good as that which won the World Cup in Mexico and between now and then Zagalo has the task of blending the many brilliant individuals at his disposal into an outstanding team.

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centre-half. I also liked Medvid, of the Czechs, the driving force in their team—although he's not completely unknown of course. Then there was the Russian Semenov, who got through some tremendous work in midfield and possessed a formidable shot; and Adolfo, the Portuguese full-back, so good in the interceptions—especially in the final. But I didn't see a single goalkeeper who would keep his place in the English First Division, let alone an international side.

W.S. Where does this tournament leave the respective strengths of European and South American sides?

R.M. That's a difficult question, because you must remember that we did not see leading European teams such as Italy, Belgium and England, and the Russians sent largely a club side—Zariya from Vorochilovgrad—with just one player, Onishenko, from the eleven that lost to West Germany in the final of the European Championship. Scotland weren't at full strength either, and nor were the Argentinians or the Uruguayans, who simply couldn't afford to pay the wages of some of their top players now with Brazilian clubs—such as Perfumo and Ancheta. If these countries are able to field their best possible sides in the next World Cup, then I would assess them like this. Outstanding: West Germany. Highly competent: Brazil. Good: Portugal, Scotland and Uruguay. Competent: Russia, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, England and Italy. Erratic: Yugoslavia. Mediocre: Hungary and Argentina. And that still leaves Holland out of the reckoning, who, if they succeed in blending together Feyenoord and Ajax, could be the dark horses in the next World Cup.

A CUP

A short story by

I DID'NT think it could be him at first, it was too much of a coincidence; what was *he* doing in London, why should *he* be walking down Regent Street? Then when he got nearer, I started *hoping* it wasn't, and when I saw that it was, hoping that he wouldn't see me, but of course, he did see me, he shouted, "Bob!" and waved and came on all the faster as if we were old, old friends, and of course, we'd never been.

He said, "Hallo, Bob, what are you *doing* in London?" and started squeezing my hand and pumping it up and down, like I was the only pal he had in the world. I started feeling sorry for him, then, which I hadn't till now, not just from reading about it. His cheeks had sunk, he'd lost a terrible amount of weight, there were blue stains under his eyes, and he looked as if he hadn't slept for days. He said, "What's brought you here, what's brought you?" He was so friendly, it was pathetic. I said, "An interview board. What's brought *you*? "and he suddenly grew very secretive—which was also very unusual—and looked around, then said, "My lawyers. I've been seeing some solicitors. You don't think I'm going to let those buggers get away with it, do you?"

Embarrassed

I said, "No, I suppose not," I didn't know what to answer.

He said, "You've time for a cup of tea, haven't you? We must have a cup of tea!" and he grabbed me by the arm and started pulling me towards this coffee place. I didn't want to go, I wanted to get away from him, the whole thing embarrassed me, but then I felt sorry for him again, and I went with him.

We sat down and he ordered two cups of tea, it was one of those big places with dozens of tables, all close up to one another and he pulled out a packet of cigarettes and offered me one. I said, "What, you smoking, Jack?" I couldn't believe my eyes. No smoking, no drinking, that was something he'd been fanatical about with young players, then I looked down at his fingers and they were *stained*. He said, "No, I didn't smoke in your time, did I?" very quickly, like he was ashamed of it, and I said, "No, never."

He said, "Well, what do you think of it, eh?" and I knew what he wanted me to say, "Terrible, Jack, disgraceful," but I just couldn't make myself, I couldn't be such a hypocrite.

Education

He said, "After all these years, all I've done for them, I've *lived* for them, Bob."

I said, "I know you have, Jack."

He asked, "Still keeping up the old physical jerks?"

"Physical education?" I said. "Yes. That's why I'm down here. That's what the board's about."

"Oh, ay," he said, but he obviously wasn't very interested. Then he said, "Two Championships. Three F.A. Cups. And the players I've found for them, Bob, the players I've developed for them."

I said, "I know, Jack." He said, "I've saved them thousands, hundreds of thousands. Look at the ones I've *sold*."

I said, "Yes," and he said, "You were one of them"

> **I said, "Yes," again, and there must have been something in my tone, more than I'd meant there to be, because he suddenly looked up at me, but I just looked back at him blankly, and after a moment, he went on. He said, "The way they did it, too. You know how I found out about it? From the papers, Bob, from the papers!"**

"I know you did," I said. "I read about it, Jack."

"I'll never forget it, never," he said, and his eyes went wide, you could see he was living it through, again. "Opened up the paper," he said, "and there it was. Front bloody page. United Sack Bradlaugh. I couldn't believe me eyes, Bob. I looked and looked at it; honestly. The print was dancing."

"I expect it was," I said.

Ironical

He said, "I got on the phone at once. I rang up the bloody Chairman. I wanted to *know*: what's all this about. Because we'd had a Board Meeting that very week, and there'd been nothing said. Not a word."

He gave me another look, he wanted a reaction, but I still couldn't manage one, there was so much going through my mind, now, it all seemed so ironical. I kept thinking, those who live by the sword.

He said, "Rang him up, and they told me, he's not available. I said, not available? You tell him I'm coming to his office. You tell him I'll stay there till he *is* available. And you know what?"

"What?" I said.

"Never turned up," he said. "Three hours I sat there, and he never turned up. At his own office. Went down to the club, and it was the same. None of them there, not one of the directors. None of them available when I phoned them. Just the reporters, 'Is it true, Jack?' and I said, '*I* don't know,' but I did know, then."

He lit another cigarette, and his fingers trembled. It was pitiful. He said, "You know how I was told? Officially? John Wilkes came in, the Assistant Secretary. He said, "There's a letter arrived for you, Jack." And there it was. This letter. We're terminating your contract. What do you think of that? Hadn't the guts to face me."

"That's pretty bad," I said. I could say that.

He said, "We had a good team when you were there, eh, Bob? Remember that inside-forward trio? You and Joe Winter and Ronnie Moss?" I said, "Yes." He said,

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OF TEA

BRIAN GLANVILLE

"That Cup tie at Huddersfield, in the Fifth Round, wasn't it, when we were two down, then you scored twice, and Joe got the winner?"

I said, "Sixth Round."

He said, "Sixth round, was it?" then he was quiet, and I knew he was waiting for me again, but I still couldn't say it. I was thinking of him in his office, telling me, "We're transferring you to Leeds," and me saying, "But I don't want to go, Boss," and him, "The fee's been arranged," and me, "But I don't want to go."

And then all the shouting and the thumping the desk, "I've said you'll go and you *will* go. You've got no future here with United." Then the ten weeks afterwards without a game, not in any team, looking and looking at the lists, Friday after Friday, and never being there, not in the Reserves, not even in the A team. And wondering if I'd play again for anybody if I *did* say I'd leave, would anybody ever want me, because I was only nineteen, and at that age, you just aren't sure of yourself. Then someone got hurt and I got back in the Reserves, and by the end of that season, I was back in the first team. But I never forgot it, and two years later, when Newcastle came after me, I said I'd go, and he was glad to be rid of me, I could tell. He wanted players who did what they were told, he didn't want players who stood up to him.

Hypnotise

So he was silent and I was silent, then suddenly I felt him looking at me, and I met his eye, and I knew he knew. He said, "I've never behaved like that to anyone, Bob." I said, "No, Jack." He said, "I may have seemed harsh at times, but that was only my way. The players came first with me; always," and I nodded. Then he leaned forward, he pushed his face at me like he was trying to hypnotise me, to *make* me say, "There's no hard feelings, Jack," because I knew what it was, he felt this reproach in me and couldn't bear it. Everybody had to be with him, now. Everybody had to tell him how badly he'd been treated.

He said, "There's times a youngster *needs* discipline, he gets headstrong, especially nowadays. He thinks he knows what's good for him, but he doesn't. In *my* day, before the war, what the manager said went. Herbert Chapman, Frank Buckley, you didn't argue with *them*."

"Times have changed, Jack," I said, and he said, "Changed for the worse, Bob. There's no loyalty, now. Not from directors, nor from players. My players!" and he spluttered, he was almost crying. He said, "You'd think they'd have done something. In my time, there'd have been a petition."

I didn't answer. I couldn't say, "Of course there would," because in *my* day, I'd never have signed it. I said, "You know players, Jack. They like a manager when he's winning."

"Not in *my* day," he said, and I said, "These are different days."

Then he looked at me again and said, "What I've done, I've always done for the best. You know that, Bob. You should see some of the letters I've had, letters from old players, the one I had from Johnny Green," and I nodded, because if anyone wrote to him, it would have to be Johnny, the blue-eyed boy; yes, Jack, no Jack, whatever you say, Jack.

"What a wonderful captain, eh, Bob? He'd give you everything," he said, and I said, "Yes, he didn't spare himself," then he gave me this same look, this waiting look, he was almost reproachful.

I was meant to say, "Poor old Jack," to show him I'd forgiven him, that I was sorry for him, and the thing was, I *had* forgiven him, I *was* sorry for him; but that was all. I thought, well, Jack, now you know what it's like, but I didn't want to say that, either. So he started talking about old games and old players, did I remember this match and did I remember that match, the time this happened and the time that happened, trying to create this legend, that we were all one happy family, which was how he'd always seen it, I suppose; a stern father with a happy family, when we'd misbehaved he'd had to punish us, but only for our own good.

At last I stood up. I said, "I'll have to go Jack," and he reached out and caught my sleeve, he said, "Don't go!"

I said, "I must. I've got my train to catch," though in fact I could have stayed for half-an-hour. He said, "Write to me, Bob, I'll give you my address," and I told him, "all right, Jack, I'll try, but I'm not a good letter writer."

He said, "We must keep in touch." He seemed desperate. He said, "When I'm in London again, and *you're* here." I said, "I'm hardly ever here, Jack."

Then a man got up from a table in a corner, I'd noticed him eyeing us, he said, "Mr. Bradlaugh, isn't it? I remember you when you were playing for England, sir. Terrible, this whole business."

And Jack shook hands with him, I could see he was pleased, but at the same time, he was looking round at me. And I used it to slip away, I said, "Bye, bye, Jack," and shook hands with him. He said, "One of my old players," and this man looked at me and said, "Oh yes; *which* one?" and I said, "I must go," and walked to the door.

When I got there, he called, "Bob!" and I turned round, he was giving me this look again, this look of *appeal*, and I looked back at him, just blank, just waiting, till he said, "You'll write, Bob, won't you?" and I said again, "I'll try, Jack," and I went out of the door.

When I looked back through the window, the man was talking to him, but he didn't seem to be listening.

From "The Thing He Loves and Other Stories," to be published by Secker and Warburg, Ltd.

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Classified Results

April 24

BRAZIL (Carlos Alberto pen., Tostao, Dirceu Lopez) 3
PARAGUAY (Escobar, Diarte) 2

Brazil: Felix, Carlos Alberto (Marco Antonio), Marinho, Vantuir, Everaldo, Clodoaldo, Rivelino, Jairzinho, Roberto, Tostao (Dirceu Lopez), Paulo Cesar.

Paraguay: Baez, Molinas, Riveros, Mendoza, Ortiz, Jara, Godoy (Verza), Escobar, Diarte, Arrúa, Jimenez.

SOUTH AMERICAN CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP
"Libertadores" Cup
Semi-final
Group One

April 12

UNIVERSITARIO (Peru) 2
PEÑAROL (Uruguay) 3

April 15

UNIVERSITARIO (Peru) (0) 3 (Vilches, Ramirez, Cruzado)
NACIONAL (Uruguay) 0

Universitario: Ballesteros, Soria, Cueller, Carbonell, Luna, Techera, Cruzado, Vilches, Ramirez, Castañeda, Oblitas.

Nacional: Manga, Blanco, Dalmao, Masnik, Brunell, Montero Castillo, Maneiro, Esparrago, Maciel, Artime, Morales.

April 21

PEÑAROL (Uruguay) (1) 1 (Caetano pen.)
NACIONAL (Uruguay) (0) 1 (Artime)

Peñarol: W. Corbo, Gonzalez, Bonifacio, Sandoval, Caetano, Jimenez, Lamas, Viera, Acuña, Diaz, R. Corbo.

Nacional: Manga, Blanco, Brunel, Masnik, Canepa, Maneiro, Montero Castillo, Esparrago, Cubilla, Artime, Morales.

April 25

NACIONAL (Uruguay) (1) 3 (Artime, Cubilla 2 (1 pen.)
UNIVERSITARIO (Peru) (2) 3 (Ramirez 3) 75,000

Nacional: Manga, Blanco, Brunell, Masnik, Canepa, Montero Castillo, Maneiro, Esparrago, Cubilla, Artime, Morales.

Universitario: Ballesteros, Carbonell, Soria, Luna, Cueller, Techera, Cruzado, Castañeda, Ramirez, Vilches, Oblitas.

April 29

PEÑAROL (Uruguay) (0) 1 (Viera)
UNIVERSITARIO (Peru) (0) 1 (Vilches)

Peñarol: Pintos, Gonzalez, Bonifacio, Sandoval, Caetano, Lamas, Viera, Jimenez, Acuña, Quevedo (Diaz), R. Corbo.

Universitario: Ballesteros, Soria, Cueller, Carbonell, Luna, Techera, Alba, Castañeda, Vilches, Ramirez, Oblitas (Catalayud).

May 3

NACIONAL (Uruguay (0) 3 (Artime 3)
PEÑAROL (Uruguay) 0 40,000

Nacional: Manga, Ubiña, Brunell, Cánepa, Blanco Montero Castillo, Maneiro, Cubilla, Esparrago, Artime, Mamelli.

Peñarol: W. Corbo, Sandoval, Bonfacino, Acosta, Caetano, Lemes, Amoroso, Silva, Diaz, Quevedo, R. Corbo.
Soldivia Mendez, Palaez, Paez, Bolaños, León.

Semi-final
Group Two

April 6

BARCELONA (Ecuador) (1) 1 (Muñoz)
INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) (0) 1 (Sá) 47,000

Barcelona: Montoya, Cardenas, Perez, Soldivia, Mendez, Palaez, Paez, Bolaños, León, Muñoz, Spencer, Mora.

Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Lopez, Sá, Pavoni, Raimondo, Pastoriza, Semenewicz, Balbuena, Maglioni, Mircoli.

April 13

BARCELONA (Ecuador) 0
SAO PAULO (Brazil) 0

April 18

INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) 1 (Magán)
BARCELONA (Ecuador) 0
(Game suspended after 34 mins. when Barcelona refused to re-start after Independiente's goal—match awarded to Independiente)

Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Lopez, Sá, Pavoni, Raimondo, Pastoriza, Semenewicz, Balbuena, Magán, Saggiorato.

Barcelona: Phoyou, Cardenas, Perez, Noriega, Palaez, Bolaños, Paéz, León, Muñoz, Spencer, Nelson Mirande.

April 21

SAN PAULO (Brazil) (1) 1 (Rocha)
BARCELONA (Ecuador) (1) 1 (Mora)

April 27

SAO PAULO (Brazil) (0) 1 (Toninho)
INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) 0

Sao Paulo: Sergio, Forlán, Arlindo, Gilberto, Edson, P. Roche, Terto, Ze Carlos, Toninho, Pablo., Samuel.

Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Sá, Garisto, Pavoni, Raimondo, Pastoriza, Semenewicz, Balbuena, Magán, Saggiorato.

May 4

INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) (1) 2 (Balbuena, Mircoli)
SAO PAULO (Brazil) 0

Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Sá, Garisto, Pavoni, Raimondo, Pastoriza, Semenewicz, Balbuena, Magán, Saggiorato.

Sao Paulo: Sergio, Forlán, Samuel, Arlindo, Gilberto, Edson, Rocha, Ze Carlos, Paulo, Toninho, Terto.

INDEPENDENCE CUP
Group 1

Argentina 2 (Fischer, Mastrangelo)
Africa 0

Argentina: Carnevali; Dominichi (Wolff), Piazza, Berges, Diaz; Raimondo, Pastoriza, Semenewicz; Mastrangelo, Fischer, Mas.

Africa: Atonga; Edouard, Thas, Hadery, Hany; Tokoto, Chesta, Malik; Sory, Pokou, Maxime.

France 5 (Revelli 2, Beretta, Floch, Bulnes og)
Concacaf 0

France: Baratelli; Djorkaeff, Quitte, Tresor, Rastagni; Michel, Mery, Larque (Lech); Blanchet (Floch), Herve, Revelli, Beretta.

Concacaf: Francillon; Cruz (Valverde), Matamoros, Nazario, Bulnes, Paz (Flores), Vorbe, Dostre; Barthelemy, Urquia, Shannon.

Group 2

Portugal 3 (Eusebio, Diniz, Nene)
Ecuador 0

Portugal: Jose Henrique; Artur, Humberto, Laranjeira, Adolfo; Jaime Graca (Matine), Toni, Perez; Jordao, Eusebio, Diniz (Nene).

Ecuador: Delgado; Cardenas, Noriega (Guerrero), Gamecho, Pelaez; Morales (Coronel), Bolaños, Mantilla; Lasso, Spencer, Estupinan.

Eire 2 (Leech, Givens)
Iran 1 (Parviz)

Eire: Kelly; Kinnear, Mulligan, Dempsey, Carroll; Campbell, Martin, Rogers; Givens, Treacy (O'Connors), Leech.

Iran: Nasser; Ashtiani, Koshnai, Kargarjam, Arab; Ghorab (Karo), Parviz; Mazloomi, Iranpak, Moosavi, Kalani.

Peru 3 (Gallardo, Castaneda, Sotil)
Bolivia 0

Peru: Rubinos; Campos, Cuellar, De la Torre, Luna; Majorca, Castaneda (Niffla); Munante, Cueto, Sotil, Gallardo (Ramirez).

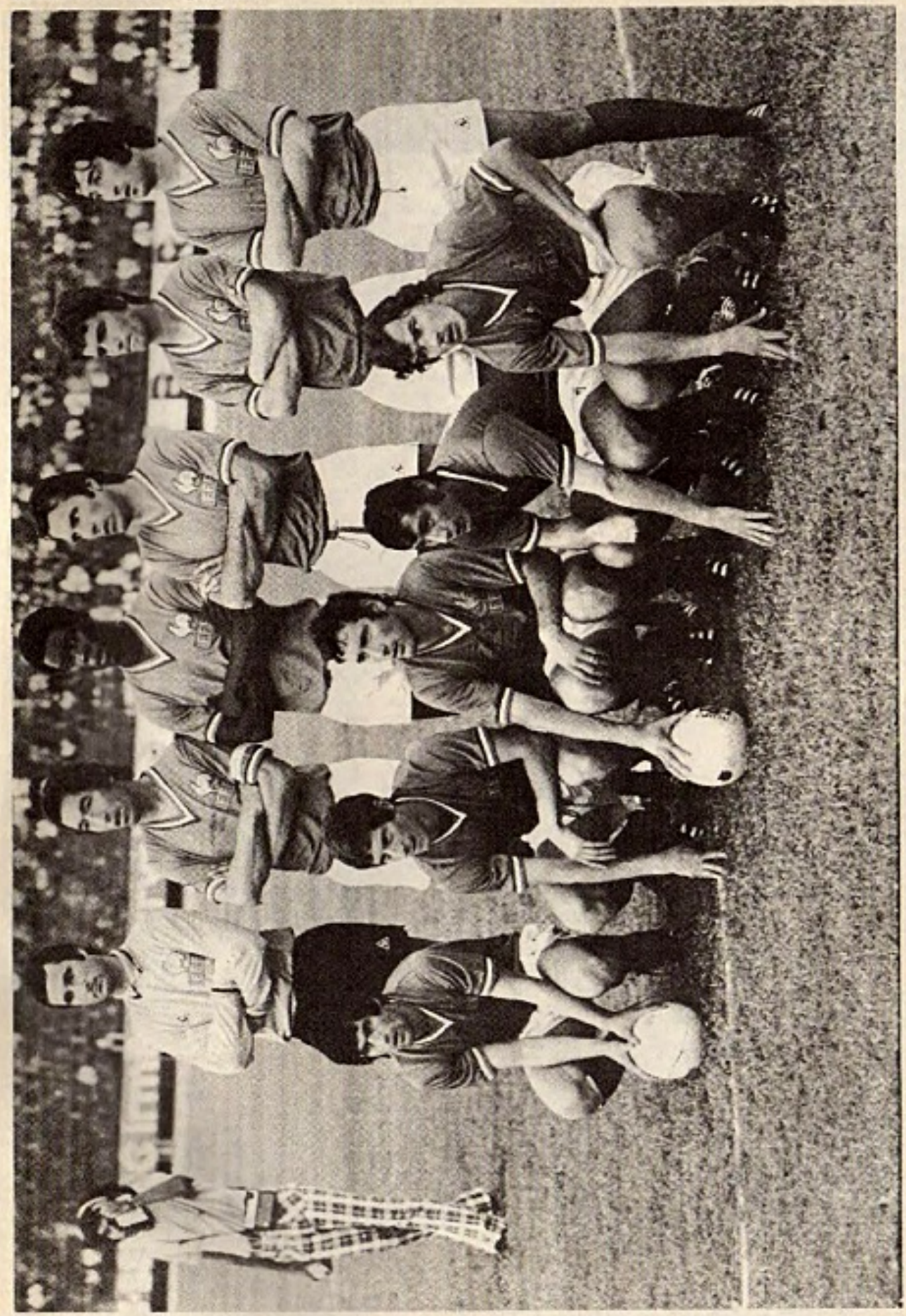
Bolivia: Frei; Oliveira, Antelo, Herbas, Chavez; Rinazza, Moreno (Gimenez); Blacutt (Mezza), Linares, Leano, Saucedo.

Paraguay 4 (Gimenez, Maldonado 2, Escobar)
Venezuela 1 (Olivares)

Paraguay: Baez; Molina, Villalba, Ortiz, Aquino (Sosa); Sagalar, Godoy; Escobar, Arrua, Maldonado, Gimenez (Dos Santos).

Venezuela: Colmenares; Marin, Stanich, Vicente, Torres; Usche, Mendoza (Marcano); Rodriguez (Perez), Olivares, Garcia, Iriale.

Leech scores for Eire against Iran in an Independence Cup match in Brazil.



FRANCE

Back row, left to right: Baratelli, Tresor, Quitte, Larque, Rostagui. Front: Blaudiet, Mezy, Revelli, Michel, Beretta.

WORLD CUP 1974

AFRICA

First preliminary round

Group 1

19.11.72 Morocco v. Senegal
3.12.72 Senegal v. Morocco

Group 2

2. 3.72 Algeria v. Guinea
12. 3.72 Guinea v. Algeria

Group 3

16/18.9.72 AR Egypt v. Tunisia
25. 9.72 Tunisia v. AR Egypt

Group 4

15.10.72 Sierra Leone v. Ivory Coast
29.10.72 Ivory Coast v. Sierra Leone

Group 5

15.10.72 Kenya 2, Sudan 0
22.10.72 Sudan v. Kenya

Group 6

11. 6.72 Mauritius v. Madagascar
18. 6.72 Madagascar v. Mauritius

Group 7

25.11.72 Ethiopia v. Tanzania
3.12.72 Tanzania v. Ethiopia

Group 8

30. 4.72 Lesotho v. Zambia
4. 6.72 Zambia v. Lesotho

Group 9

5. 8.72 Nigeria v. Congo Brazza.
15. 8.72 Congo Brazza. v. Nigeria

Group 10

18. 6.72 Dahomey v. Ghana
2. 7.72 Ghana v. Dahomey

Group 11

6. 6.72 Togo v. Zaire
20. 6.72 Zaire v. Togo

Group 12

Cameroons v. Gabon
Gabon v. Cameroons

CONCACAF

First preliminary round

Group 1

30. 8.72 USA v. Canada
20. 8.72 Canada v. USA
10. 9.72 USA v. Mexico
3. 9.72 Mexico v. USA
24. 8.72 Canada v. Mexico
6. 9.72 Mexico v. Canada

Group 2

12.11.72 Guatemala v. El Salvador
19.11.72 El Salvador v. Guatemala

Group 3

3.12.72 Honduras v. Costa Rica
10.12.72 Costa Rica v. Honduras

Group 4

11. 6.72 Jamaica v. Neth. Antilles
Neth. Antilles v. Jamaica

Group 5

15. 4.72 Haiti v. Puerto Rico
26. 9.72 Puerto v. Haiti

Group 6

Surinam v. Trinidad
Trinidad v. Surinam
Surinam v. Antigua
Antigua v. Surinam
Trinidad v. Antigua
Antigua v. Trinidad

EUROPE

Group 1

14.11.71 Malta 0, Hungary 2
30. 4.72 Austria v. Malta
6. 5.72 Hungary v. Malta
25. 5.72 Sweden v. Hungary
10. 6.72 Austria v. Sweden
15.10.72 Sweden v. Malta
15.10.72 Austria v. Hungary
25.11.72 Malta v. Austria
29. 4.73 Hungary v. Austria
24. 5.73 Sweden v. Austria
13. 6.73 Hungary v. Sweden
11.11.73 Malta v. Sweden

Group 2

8.10.72 Luxembourg v. Italy
21/22.10.72 Switzerland v. Italy
22.10.72 Luxembourg v. Turkey
10.12.72 Turkey v. Luxembourg
13. 1.73 Italy v. Turkey
31. 3.73 Italy v. Luxembourg
15. 4.73 Luxembourg v. Switzerland
9. 5.73 Switzerland v. Turkey
26. 9.73 Switzerland v. Luxembourg
20.10.73 Italy v. Switzerland
18.11.73 Turkey v. Switzerland
25. 2.73 Turkey v. Italy

Group 3

18. 5.72 Belgium v. Iceland
22. 5.72 Iceland v. Belgium (In Belgium)
2. 8.72 Norway v. Iceland
7. 8.72 Iceland v. Norway
4.10.72 Norway v. Belgium
1.11.72 Netherlands v. Norway
19.11.72 Belgium v. Netherlands
22. 8.73 Netherlands v. Iceland
29. 8.73 Iceland v. Netherlands (In Netherlands)
12. 9.73 Norway v. Netherlands
31.10.73 Belgium v. Norway
18.11.73 Netherlands v. Belgium

Group 4

21. 6.72 Finland v. Albania
20. 9.72 Finland v. Rumania
7.10.72 East Germany v. Finland
29.10.72 Rumania v. Albania
8. 4.73 East Germany v. Albania
6. 5.73 Albania v. Rumania
27. 5.73 Rumania v. East Germany
6. 6.73 Finland v. East Germany
26. 9.73 East Germany v. Rumania
10.10.73 Albania v. Finland
14.10.73 Rumania v. Finland
3.11.73 Albania v. East Germany

Group 5

17.10.73 England v. Poland
6. 6.73 Poland v. England
24. 1.73 England v. Wales
15.11.72 Wales v. England
26. 9.73 Poland v. Wales
28. 3.73 Wales v. Poland

Group 6

Northern Ireland v. Cyprus
29. 3.72 Portugal v. Cyprus
10. 5.72 Cyprus v. Portugal
18.10.72 Bulgaria v. Northern Ireland
19.11.72 Cyprus v. Bulgaria
14. 2.73 Cyprus v. Northern Ireland
28. 3.73 Northern Ireland v. Portugal
2. 5.73 Bulgaria v. Portugal
26. 9.73 Northern Ireland v. Bulgaria
13.10.73 Portugal v. Bulgaria
14.11.73 Portugal v. Northern Ireland
18.11.73 Bulgaria v. Cyprus

Group 7

19.10.72 Spain v. Yugoslavia
19.11.72 Yugoslavia v. Greece
17. 1.73 Greece v. Spain
21. 2.73 Spain v. Greece
21.10.73 Yugoslavia v. Spain
19.12.73 Greece v. Yugoslavia

Group 8

18.10.72 Denmark v. Scotland
15.11.72 Scotland v. Denmark
2. 5.73 Denmark v. Czechoslovakia
6. 6.73 Czechoslovakia v. Denmark
26. 9.73 Scotland v. Czechslovakia
17.10.73 Czechoslovakia v. Scotland

Group 9

2. 9.72 France v. Eire
14.10.72 USSR v. France
24. 4.73 France v. USSR
16. 5.73 Eire v. France
18.10.72 Eire v. USSR
13. 5.73 USSR v. Eire

SOUTH AMERICA

Group 1

5. 7.73 Uruguay v. Colombia
24. 6.73 Colombia v. Uruguay
8. 7.73 Uruguay v. Ecuador
1. 7.73 Ecuador v. Uruguay
21 6.73 Colombia v. Ecuador
28. 6.73 Ecuador v. Colombia

Group 2

7.10.73 Argentina v. Paraguay
16. 9.73 Paraguay v. Argentina
9. 9.73 Argentina v. Bolivia
23. 9.73 Bolivia v. Argentina
30. 9.73 Paraguay v. Bolivia
2. 9.73 Bolivia v. Paraguay

Group 3

17. 5.73 Peru v. Chile
3. 5.73 Chile v. Peru
12. 4.73 Peru v. Venezuela
31. 3.73 Venezuela v. Peru
15. 4.73 Chile v. Venezuela
24. 4.73 Venezuela v. Chile

World SOCCER
JOHN GREIG Rangers

JUVENTUS Italian League Champions 1972. Back row left to right: Sandro Salvadore, Helmut Haller, Roberto Bettega, Giogio Morini, Peitro Carmighani. Kneeling: Fabio Capello, Rolando Marchetti, Piero Anastasi, Franco Causio, Giuseppe Furino.